

the Chaplain



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IMMORALITY OR IMMORTALITY.....*Ch. Harvey R. Kester*
LITTER— OR LITERATURE?.....*Ch. Ira S. Fritz*

Also:

- SERMON OUTLINES • POETRY • ILLUSTRATIONS
BACKFIRE • IDEA EXCHANGE • PERSONALS
THOUGHT-STARTERS • BOOKS • WORK METHODS

**VOLUME 2
NUMBER 4**

A TRADE JOURNAL FOR PROTESTANT CHAPLAINS

Published co-operatively by

GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS

1137 Woodward Building, Washington 5, D. C.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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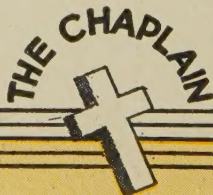
CO-OPERATING CHURCHES: Baptist, North; Baptist, South; National Baptist of America; National Baptist, U. S. A.; Seventh Day Baptist; United American Free Will Baptist; Church of the Brethren; United Brethren; United Brethren (OC); Christian and Missionary Alliance; Christian Science; Church of God; Church of the Nazarene; Congregational Christian; Disciples of Christ; Protestant Episcopal; Evangelical; Evangelical and Reformed; Latter Day Saints; Methodist, African Methodist Episcopal; African M. E. Zion; Colored Methodist Episcopal; Free Methodist; Primitive Methodist; Wes-

leyan Methodist; Moravian; Presbyterian, U. S.; Presbyterian, U. S. A.; Associate Reformed Presbyterian; Cumberland Presbyterian; United Presbyterian; Reformed Church in America; Christian Reformed; Salvation Army; Seventh Day Adventist; Unitarian; Universalist.

CO-OPERATING AGENCIES: Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; International Council of Religious Education; World's Christian Endeavor Union; National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association; United Council of Church Women.

Distributed free of charge
to chaplains of above churches

Subscription rate to others:
25¢ per copy. \$2.00 per year



Address all communications affecting this magazine to Editor, **THE CHAPLAIN**
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Penna.

April, 1945

VOL. 2

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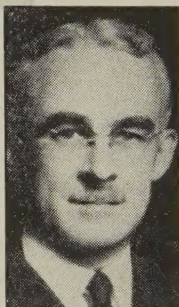
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- *Beating swords into plowshares
will be tame compared to this!*

Christian Reconstruction in Europe

By SAMUEL MCCREA CAVERT, D.D.
General Secretary, Federal Council of Churches

NO more strategic question confronts American Christians to-day than what they are to do to help the Christian forces of the continent of Europe the moment hostilities are over. It is not a problem that can be referred to a political organization like the UNRRA. This agency doubtless will carry the main responsibility for mass feeding and large-scale medical relief; but there will be a distinctive service, of a more personal character, to be rendered by the Christian agencies. For, while meeting physical needs, they can also minister to the equally insistent needs of the Spirit.



Food will be terribly important in Europe, but it will not be enough. Along with bread for the body, food for the soul will be needed. Any plans for reconstruction which do not take account of the key importance of Christian faith and Christian love in postwar Europe will only be touching the surface aspects of the problem.

In spite of the veil of censorship that hangs over Germany and the occupied countries, we are not altogether in the dark as to the concrete needs of the churches in these

lands. Thanks to the World Council of Churches—which, in its provisional form is already actively at work surveying the situation—we know some of the major necessities which will press painfully upon them.

The most obvious need will be the rebuilding of churches that have been destroyed by the incessant felling of bombs. No one knows how many churches have been left in ruins or gravely damaged, but the number must run into the thousands. This will be especially true in Germany, Poland, Russia and France; Holland, Belgium, Italy, and still other countries, will probably record a serious toll as well.

I

The churches of England, of course, have also undergone a devastating bombardment from the air, but our British fellow-Christians have announced that, although their own burden of rebuilding will be heavy, they are not asking for outside help, since they realize the need on the continent will surpass their own.

Hundreds of Christian institutions of mercy and relief will need immediate reinforcement. Some of

them have been laid low by the fortunes of war; others have been taken over by the Nazi government or have seen their resources confiscated. All will be confronted after the war with unprecedented demands for their services from the sick, the disabled, children orphaned by the war, homeless refugees and the destitute aged.

These institutions, springing out of the humanitarian impulses of Christianity, are in a unique position to bear a witness of Christian love and reconciliation at the same time that they minister to physical needs. But most of them will be so prostrate in the period immediately following the war that they will need our generous aid to enable them to measure up to responsibilities far greater than they have ever carried.

II

The dearth of Christian literature of all kinds can hardly be imagined. On account of the shortage of paper and of manpower, and also because of the destruction of printing plants, publication of even the most basic materials of religious nurture has entirely ceased. No Bibles are being printed in Norway, Germany or France, and comparatively few are published in other countries with the exception of Switzerland and Sweden.

After a generation of systematic indoctrination of Nazi ideas, it is of supreme importance that we renew a vigorous program of Christian education in Europe. For this purpose many types of literature—biblical, devotional, evangelistic, theological—will be needed. In the early period after hostilities have

ended, outside assistance on a rather extensive scale will be imperative.

III

Training of a new leadership for the service of the Church will be an essential strategy. In Germany most of the able-bodied ministers have been conscripted for the fighting front and a large number of them have lost their lives. Very few young men are preparing for the ministry. In some of the occupied countries theological education has been suspended. For example, in France—the nation which produced John Calvin—two of the three Protestant seminaries have been forced to close and the third ekes out only a skeletonized existence. To help the theological schools to get on their feet again will be a program of front-rank importance.

The rebuilding of the Christian youth organizations will be a task of high consequence for the future of Europe. The YMCA and the YWCA have appeared as too formidable rivals to the Hitler Youth to be permitted to carry on their normal program. The government has taken the initiative in forming the mind of youth. What forces are to hold the key place in the education of young people when the period of Nazi indoctrination is over? The situation will be a supreme challenge to the churches of Europe. To meet it they will need our help.

The postwar reconstruction of the churches of Europe, along such lines as these, affords the greatest of all opportunities to give reality to the ecumenical church, and organizational plans for the future

structure of the World Council of Churches will be of little avail unless we can demonstrate in visible deeds of love that we recognize our oneness with the suffering Christians of Europe.

Our assistance must be free from any assumptions of superiority or patronage; we have more financial assets than they, but that does not mean we have greater resources of the spirit. On the contrary, some of the churches in the orbit of the Axis have displayed an amazing spiritual vitality. The ordeal through which they have passed has deepened their insights into the Christian faith.

We who have not suffered will find that we have quite as much to receive from them as to give to them. The first requisite of all will be mutual understanding. We shall have to learn, as it were, to speak each other's language. Those who represent us in Europe will not be in a position to render any far-reaching service unless they can enter with sensitiveness, sympathy and appreciation into the experience of European Christians.

Our assistance must also be free from any suspicion of being designed to further denominational extension. All those who can, must help those who are in need without any other thought than that of a

mutual sharing as members of the one Body of Christ.

Each denominational group will naturally feel a primary responsibility for those who are most closely related to it historically. American Lutherans, for example, will be especially concerned for the Lutherans in Germany; American Presbyterians and Reformed, for the Reformed Church in France; American Baptists, for the struggling Baptist minority in Rumania. But in no case is a denominational approach sufficient. Every American Christian has a direct stake in the welfare of Christians in Europe.

And there will be some tasks of far greater magnitude than can be handled by any one denomination—for example, the rebuilding of the church in Germany after more than a decade of Nazi hostility. The co-operation of all denominations will be necessary. It is therefore cause for rejoicing that the Provisional Committee of the World Council of Churches has created a Department of Reconstruction and Inter-Church Aid, and that the framework is already provided for co-ordinating the relief work of all the American churches—as well as the churches in such countries as Sweden, Switzerland and Canada—in a truly ecumenical program.

© ALL PREACHING should be doctrinal and all preaching should be practical. . . . Preaching should be direct. The Gospel should be preached to men, not *about* men. The minister must address his hearers, he must speak to them, about themselves, and not leave the impression that he is speaking to them about others. . . . Sinners ought to be made to feel that they have something to do, and that is to repent; that it is something which no other being can do for them, neither God nor man, and that it is something they can do—and do now. Religion is something to do, not something to wait for.

—CHARLES FINNEY

TEXT: "Let not those that seek thee be brought to dishonor through me, O God."—Psalm 69:6

The Highlight of Self-Respect

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, D.D.

Riverside Church, New York City

THIS psalm came from a troubled time in Jewish history, desperate days when economic adversity, religious collapse and foreign domination presented a hopeless picture. It was the kind of time that always makes the individual seem unimportant and the way he lives of no account. Yet here was a man who thought his personal life mattered. The ordinary people need that kind of self-respect restored. Some of us would live better lives than we are living if we saw more clearly what difference it makes how we live.

A man I know found himself one day in a wayside lunchroom sitting on a stool beside Will Rogers. Said his friend in the course of the conversation, "What's wrong with the world?" and Will Rogers drawled in answer, "Well, I dunno, I guess it's people." There is plenty in the public aspect of the world to encourage that view. How powerless we are in the face of humanity's rushing life! How little each one of us matters! How small a consequence is likely to come from any part of life we live! What difference does it make, anyway? It *does* matter how people live. The under-



pinning of society is the small daily fidelities of ordinary folk.

Some years ago a mid-western university unveiled a tablet to one of its alumni who was an undistinguished man. In his undergraduate years he had entered into many college activities, but he never had been president of anything. For four years he had gone out for football, but he had never played on the first team or been allowed in any important game. His scholastic average was in the B's. When the World War I came he served in a minor capacity in a medical unit and one day met his death trying to help a wounded man under fire. The French Government posthumously conferred on him the Croix de Guerre. So his alma mater unveiled a tablet in his honor, and on it the inscription is written: "*He played four years on the scrubs—he never quit.*" After all, in homes, schools, churches and nation the underpinning of society is folk like that.

I

We pick out the geniuses to celebrate, but the geniuses would be helpless were it not for these obscure people who, seeing that God

is trying to do something in their time through the geniuses, make up their minds that the good being achieved shall not be brought to dishonor through them. Even Jesus could have done nothing for the world if it had not been for his first disciples—fishermen, tax-gatherers and such, who, for all their ordinariness did manage to see to it that those who were seeking God and the good life that Christ revealed were not through them brought to dishonor.

Indeed, consider our own Christian faith and life, and the inner nourishment they have received not from genius alone but from how many humble folk! Was it not Daniel Webster who said that the strongest argument for Christianity he had ever known was an old aunt of his who lived up in New Hampshire? Who was she? I have no idea except that she must have been one of those persons who pray that no one seeking the highest might be brought to dishonor through them.

Upon the public stage where every one can see, the star plays his celebrated rôle, but habitually behind the scenes one finds folk unknown, obscure, of whom the world never hears, who make the star what he is by bringing out his best.

Here lies the explanation of the constant mystery that when a heavy handicap or a great trouble falls upon a life, far from decreasing the usefulness of the stricken person it may increase it. To be sure, the active service may be crippled, but if the trouble is quietly and nobly born and the handicap courageously handled, see how from all who watch the best is

summoned forth! Would Helen Keller have been more influential if she had eyes to see and ears to hear?

Where are the great sources of spiritual stimulus and inspiration? I know where some of them are—obscure people the world will never hear about, some of them invalids some handicapped, but the thought of whom is like bugles, drums and fifes in our souls. When we seek thee, we are not brought to dishonor through them, O God!

Hosts of such ordinary folk are needed in these times if the best heritage of the ages past is going to be handed on to the future. It takes more than genius to do that. In an age of religious and moral collapse it takes multitudes of plain people to see to it that the great traditions are not lost but are handed on.

II

Do not despise that word "tradition." I know that the dead hand of the past must be lifted from many things, and yet the finest values we possess are not those that as individuals we spontaneously originated. The finest values we know are in the great heritage—the tradition of the best music or English literature, of democratic government, of personal liberty, of high moral standards of Christian faith and life, a rich and long accumulated tradition.

Some of our fine traditions to-day are in grave peril. From the democratic process to ordinary standards of moral decency, the great heritage is in danger. All the geniuses on earth cannot alone cope with the consequent situation—on

multitudes of plain folk to whom the high heritage yet is dear and who pray, "Let it not come to dishonor through me, O God."

III

So I salute that psalmist of an ancient time. He got his heritage from Amos, Hosea, Isaiah and Jeremiah, and then in an evil time saw himself being thrown away; but he, and others like him whose names are quite unknown to history, prayed—and meant it: "Let it not come to dishonor through me." So they kept the heritage until out of it Christ came and the religion that has nourished us, so that in this twentieth century we still are unpayably indebted to the likes of him. It does make a difference how such men live! No matter how ordinary we are, we all have some power, some endowment or energy and gift of influence that would make a difference to the world. There was an actor, Charles Brookfield by name, who was mistakenly reported to be dead and so had the unusual opportunity of reading his own obituary notices. One of them in particular he always remembered. It ran like this: *Never a great actor, he was invaluable in small parts.*"

To be sure, there may be some today who feel they are ordinary in a sense we have not mentioned. They have messed up their lives with sin. They are prodigals, slaves of habit, victims of disgrace. I could say to such, you can do one of the most distinguished and influential services that mankind ever receives. There are many ways in which the reality of the spiritual world and the power of God is

made evident to us, but none more poignant than when a spoiled life is eventually laid hold on by a power greater than itself and so recovers integrity, wholesomeness and health again. That is a moving sight. Mankind has never escaped the influence even of the Prodigal in Jesus' story.

Sometimes when I wish to restore my faith in the reality of God I think of wrecked lives that were rescued, of spoiled lives that I have seen made sweet and sound again, of prodigals come home.

IV

It makes a great difference how we live. You see, we have been trying today to make ourselves feel important. As the psychiatrists know, there are many ways, good and bad, to achieve that end. Christ pointed a highroad to an essentially significant life. He made that man with the one talent feel important. He made the person offering a cup of cold water to another feel important. He made a little child set in the midst of his disciples feel important.

Once Fritz Kreisler found a lovely violin in a private collection. There it was, a glorious instrument but mute, and Kreisler, feeling that intolerable, begged the owner that it be taken out and used. To all importunity the man was deaf—only at last he granted this much: that the great violinist might play on it once. So Kreisler played. As he said himself, "I played that day as though to ransom a captive!"

May Christ release some unused power in our private collection! "Let not any fine thing in our time come to dishonor through me!"

- **TEXT:** "God will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build."—Nehemiah 2:20

Building the New Order

By CHAPLAIN RAYMOND E. MUSSER

IT is a commonplace that the earth's common people, the "hoi poloi," have been given a raw deal by present-day governments—be the rulers fascist, communistic or republican. Enough of the earth's good things were grown on its fertile face, but no method of distribution could be found, and the "hoi poloi" went half hungry and poorly clad; enough of earth's precious minerals were mined from its heart, but the rich got richer and the poor got promises broadcast over republican radios and shouted down from fascist balconies. It was time for a new deal.

So, each would-be messiah brought forth his brain-child and named it "the new order."

"Order" has twenty different definitions, but even at that is a good word to describe the world's keenest need. Soldiers and railroad employees have simply to obey the orders of their superiors, without explanation or question; but, gentlemen, faulty or unfair or asinine orders must be superseded by new ones before it can be hoped that they get even half-hearted support from the command affected. A war-weary world is crying



out for a new and good order, not a perverted one like Hitler's and Hirohito's, or a puffed-up one like Mussolini's.

The Bible is a record of man's attempt to find the real, live way to order the earth, to discover God's will and wish for humanity. Sometimes certain outstanding leaders came very close to the Christian ideal given man on the first Christmas—the brotherhood of man. One of these reformers and reorganizers I refer to was Nehemiah, who, in one of Israel's most trying times of national crisis, rose up to save a remnant of the crushed nation.

I

His new order developed on this wise: One day the homesick Nehemiah, then a captive of the aggressor and cupbearer to the Persian king, quizzed some more recent captives concerning the home folk and the home town of Jerusalem. They had answered, "The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down." Nehemiah, like a true patriot, fasted and prayed, and wept for the plight of

is devastated, wartorn homeland. At his next duty to wait on the king, Artaxerxes asked him, "Why thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart." Nehemiah, with a prayer in his heart, laid before the king the dishonor done to Jerusalem and begged leave to return home to rebuild the walls of the city and to order the disorderly government. And it was granted him. With a commission from the king and with orders for materials and passes through hostile provinces, he set out with a chosen band of fellow-workers and a company of mounted MPs, Babylonian issue, "A man come to seek the welfare of the children of Israel." On the third night he made secret reconnaissance of the broken wall and the burnt gates, to note just what demolitions the enemy had accomplished, and out there in the moonlight drew up his plan of reconstruction. At an orientation meeting the next day his officers said, "Let us rise up and build." So they strengthened their hands for the good work. Nehemiah's challenge culminated in the cry, "Be not afraid of them; remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses."

"O thus be it e'er when freeman shall stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation!" Nehemiah had total conscription, for armed forces and for industry. Family or community groups were assigned a certain gate or portion of the wall to repair. The entire list is catalogued in the third chapter of the book. The history of that re-

building reads, "Half of my servants wrought in the work, and the other half held both the spears, the shields, and the bows, and the coats of mail. . . . They which builded the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, everyone had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me. So built we the wall; for the people had a mind to work."

II

But it was in no sense as easy a victory as it might sound by the above choice of excerpts from the story. General Nehemiah had his staff and headquarters about himself; his A companies repaired the breaks, his B companies maintained and replaced the tools and machines, his C companies operated the source of supply, all companies were combat troupes, and worked under arms. But the subtle enemy offered several hindrances. The enemy ridiculed the repair project, claiming Nehemiah could not get stones from shambles, that it would be so flimsy a fox walking on the wall would shake it down, but Nehemiah took resource in prayer. Surely God will help those who do their dead-level best! The enemy resorted to intrigue. He asked for a council at the village of Ono, but Nehemiah stood firm, and sent back the message, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down, why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?" He had no time for worthless Munichs! Then the enemy

switched to bluff and blackmail. He threatened to inform Artaxerxes that this colonist sought to fortify and to rebel, but Nehemiah knew that the enemy feigned the words out of his own heart. Nehemiah prayed for strength. He feared no Herr Goebbels and malicious propaganda! As one last effort the enemy found a Quisling: Shemaiah. Nehemiah bravely proclaimed in his traitor face, "Should such a man as I flee? And who is there, that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." And he didn't.

III

Hitler's hindrances, flung in our faces for ten years, bluffed the world. Robert Ley prated about decadent democracies, Goebbels taught the Wehrmacht superman songs, Hitler gathered the prime ministers at Munich, and puppet governors and fifth columnists undermined minority governments as termites do in the beams of a house. We "strengthened our hands," said "we will arise and build," each "had his sword girded by his side," and "the people had a mind to work" became the motto of American labor barely in time to rush to the aid of Britain, standing alone against the world-conqueror.

But the allied nations are now overrunning Hitlerism. On three fronts Hitler's henchmen and hordes of misguided goose-steppers that serve blindly in the German juggernaut are in full flight. When Hitler's dream empire falls apart as did that of this unhappy country's sawdust Caesar, let us overcome further hindrances by more councils like Casablanca and Cairo,

Teheran and Yalta where Christian statesmen and diplomats play an openhanded game of co-operation, collaboration, and co-ordination in the building and maintaining of a new order, a world-wide fraternity of nations. Then once again may the church spread its missionaries, its ambassadors of good will and goodness over the whole earth, that, like leaven in the lump of new dough, Christianity may flavor all humanity with peace on earth.

"And there was very great gladness" in Jerusalem at victory, as there will be some day not too distant in Washington and London, and General Nehemiah declared a national festival, a Day of Victory. Furthermore, each day the priest Ezra, the chaplain, "read in the book of the law of God" from an especially prepared pulpit in the Piazza Porta Aqua and on the Sabbath "there was a solemn assembly," a day of national consecration. And that is the precise technique we should follow soon: the jubilation of victory, the solemnity of the peace table: national festival, national consecration.

Yes, gentlemen! We want to build a new and better world, one free from intolerance, ignorance, racial hatred, national superiority, fear, want, war; one free for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; one free to worship God according to the dictates of a man's conscience and upbringing. It can best be done backed by the Ecce Homo, the Head of Christ, under the united states of the world. Let Christian principles and brotherhood order the new world. Let us not delay the coming of God's kingdom; "we his servants will arise and build.

TEXT: *He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*—Psalm 91:1

A Bomb-Proof Shelter

By PAUL M. SCHROEDER, D.D.

Salem Evangelical Church, Rochester, New York

THE only bomb-proof shelter that the world has ever known is faith in Almighty God. It was discovered by an unknown Hebrew poet more than 3500 years ago. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

This bomb-proof shelter is not protection and security against physical danger. We must be careful not to promise what God himself does not promise unconditionally to his children, i.e., protection against physical danger and physical loss. It is probably correct to say that one of the favorite passages of most divine faith-healing cults is this 91st Psalm. We call to mind the amazing promises of this beautiful Psalm:

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that cometh by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and on thousand at thy right hand; but thou shalt not come nigh thee. . . . There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. . . . Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."



From a purely physical standpoint, that is not true to daily experience. It was not true of Jesus Christ, who suffered a thousand deaths on the cross. Nor was it true of Paul, who was stoned and left for dead, shipwrecked, beaten with many stripes, who bore on his body numberless

scars for the sake of his faith in Christ. It was not true of Peter, who was crucified with his head downward, at his own request, because he was not worthy to die as his Lord had died. It was not true of the thousands who were torn limb from limb by the roaring beasts in the Roman coliseum. It is not true of thousands of Christian men who suffer untold agony at this very moment in the service of their country!

Some time ago a publishing company was indicted and found guilty of fraud in advertising bullet-proof New Testaments for men in the armed forces. The implication behind the promise was that God would protect any soldier from enemy fire if he carried one of these New Testaments in his pocket.

I freely grant that some lives have been saved by a New Testament which deflected some bullet

or pieces of shrapnel from entering the heart. But that would not lead me to assume that every boy who carried a New Testament will have the same experience.

We are well aware of the amazing stories that have come to us of God's answer to prayer in time of great physical danger. Who can forget the story of the three men in a raft who were saved from starvation by a fish that jumped into the raft, and by a thundershower which saved them from death by thirst. Who can forget Eddie Rickenbacker and his companions, singing hymns, reading the New Testament, meeting in simple unconventional prayer, having a seagull land on Eddie Rickenbacker's shoulder to provide food for famished bodies. I do not aver that these experiences were just fortunate circumstances and not answers to prayer, but we must not forget the hundreds and thousands who had no raft, who captured no seagull, who perished on land, on the sea and in the air. Shall we say that they had no faith, or that God loved them less than these who were rescued as by miracle?

By all means let us pray for physical safety, pray for safety in the foxholes, in the jungle, on the sea, in the air. But let us not pre-

judge God if he chooses in some other way to test our faith.

Our bomb-proof shelter is not a shelter for our body, but a shelter for our soul. That is what God always provides for the soul that turns to him. He is taking the fear out of life; he is offering courage to bear the load; he is giving peace that knows no end; he is imparting a certainty, which no man can take away, that this is God's world, and that all things must work together for good to them that love God. Above all, God gives to the true believer a steadfast faith that when we come to the end of the journey, here below, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

This is our bomb-proof shelter in times of war: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Because Paul dwelt in this bomb-proof shelter he could triumph over suffering and persecution, and sound the note of victory for all who follow in his train.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or the sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors!"

© A NEW YORK MINISTER, eager to see and hear Booth the actor, once wrote him: "I am anxious to be at one of your plays, but as I have always been opposed to the theater, and would appear inconsistent, could you not admit me at some private or stage door?" Booth's reply was short. "There is no door to my theater through which God cannot see."

Tomorrow's church leadership
is largely in your hands . . .

Recruiting for the Ministry

By JOHN OLIVER NELSON, PH.D.

Director, Department of Life Work, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

AS a chaplain, you know who they are: the eager-faced GI on the third row whose changing expressions meet your sermon points half-way. Your assistant who takes his job with devout seriousness, typing or song-leading or just handing out books. The able fellow who talks intently with you about doing something big and new after the war. The boy who carried the ball in organizing the SMCL unit. Or the youngster who unexpectedly made a good spontaneous prayer in meeting. Or even the tough leader who gets the group to do anything he says, but doesn't know quite what to do with his leadership.

These men belong on your list of those to talk with about the ministry or mission work." They may be the leadership of the church tomorrow, which will need every last one of them. During these creative days in their thinking, you are the one counselor who speaks directly to service men about their part in the great historic movement of the Christian faith. Chaplain, tomorrow's church leadership is up to you! You are in an enviable spot for ministerial recruiting!



As you know, hundreds of service men have already made decisions for the ministry or mission work since induction. Some of the choices have been dramatic and sudden; however, most of them have been quiet and gradual decisions. Whatever their motives, we must not

write off as "psychologically obvious" any factor leading to such decision. But we may appraise service men's motives with candor and balance.

I

(1) Homesickness becomes a genuine factor in deciding for a church vocation. As we well know, the service man inevitably looks back, in normal "escape" from military experiences, to the comparative safety and serenity of his home life. For some men the safest, most serene and traditional aspect of that idealized situation is church—possibly the most "static" institution, actually, in the community! For the warrior, that tranquil place becomes the logical antidote for the savagery and impersonality of war. This is especially true if the congregation—as if frequent in this war—has taken with new serious-

ness its relation to each young man symbolized on its service flag, writing to him, sending church bulletins, etc. The idealized home church, emotionally and in some cases vocationally, becomes the symbol of escape.

As a chaplain finds this sort of feeling underlying a man's concern for a life decision for the ministry, let him proceed with caution and frankness. But let him not fail to confirm the man's deeper instinct that somehow that heretofore unappreciated church on the corner back home does have the answer to serenity and stability for a world at war.

(2) New life perspective found in military service points many a man to a church vocation. Keeping first things first is the great difficulty of us all; but in the headlong, amusement-lined career of young people today there has never been time for a young man to reflect upon his destiny and inner questionings, until military boredom or tension forced him to think of his life all together. That perspective may be hard to maintain when practical Main Street problems close in upon him again. But let's not undervalue the power of this enforced reflection on life purpose; it may be "God's opportunity" indeed.

(3) Discovery of human need inspires some men to want to serve. The hitherto unsuspected moral degradation of fellow-service men, the wretchedness of populations abroad or in underprivileged areas in America, and the whole wrenching process which removes a young man from his sheltered community—all these impel some GI's to de-

clare: "Something must be done about a world like this. When the war's over, that will be my job!"

It is to be hoped that chaplains will commend and confirm that sensitiveness to need, refusing to become calloused and casual about it themselves. The service man abroad who is neither scornful of natives nor merely curious about them, but genuinely interested—mark that man, and deepen his concern for his fellowman!

(4) The chaplain's example is itself a powerful factor in concern for the ministry or other church work. Thousands of service men have never before met a youthful and vigorous minister. Many have never spoken to a minister of any sort at all. As such men see in your work and that of other chaplains just what a Christian leader can do, they are frequently impressed—a fact placing the chaplain on an unenviable pedestal! Make allowance for that margin of hero worship, but don't discouragingly assure the impressed GI that "the ministry isn't all like this"—perhaps for him it can be.

(5) The "unaccountable factor" of spiritual impact must be taken heavily into account. With all our newfound psychiatry and scientism let's not doubt the claim that Almighty God does speak to man today quite as objectively as in any past century. Perhaps an unlikely fellow may reveal to you that he has "had a call." Be helpful, not omniscient: the God in whom we trust does speak unaccountably and directly in camp or foxholes.

A chaplain's answer to me speaking of "a call," however, may well be in this larger reference

Your call is not to the ministry, but to be a devoted Christian in an entirely different job." Part of your job as a chaplain is to show that every worth-while task may be made a Christian vocation. The ill-conceived phrase, "fulltime Christian work," is what should be expected of every Christian—not just those in church vocations.

To get that point across to serving men means helping them to look at life as a whole, asking: What's the biggest job I am equipped to do?—not just that which brings me the most money, prestige or pleasure." Against that sort of background, which brings every man within the ranks of the priesthood of all believers," the church vocation is just one way of serving God with our whole lives. Every man is called of God: relatively few, specially equipped for that particular work, are called to church vocations.

II

What does the ministry enable a man to do? Scores of letters about the ministry from service men have revealed some aspects of that task which are particularly meaningful in war-time. Chaplains may well point out some of the tasks which a church vocation enables a man to perform. These, for example:

SHAPE INDIVIDUAL LIVES: Point out that a minister or missionary can deal with human problems more intimately and with more depth and resource than anyone else, thus fitting squarely at the crucial problems of our day—unfulfilled lives.

CREATE COMMUNITY: Whether in city or rural district or foreign land,

the Christian leader has the key to new neighborly living in racial clashes, industrial conflict, everyday morality, curbing delinquency, solving economic tensions and building Christian world-mindedness and brotherhood.

MAN THE CHURCH: There will probably be far too many technicians after the war, and far too few workers-with-people, including church leaders. The ministry's median age is 45.8, older than any other major professional group except veterinarians! (Doctors, 44.1; judges and lawyers, 42; research scientists, 33.6.) Young men aren't coming along to replace our older ministers, and many thousands of churches slump below the level of self-support because they are pastorless. Dozens close yearly because they lack able leadership. At the same time, missions candidates for postwar days are far too few to match either the needs or the financial resources already available. Has church begun to mean something to an able young service man? Then show him that he can help man it, vigorously, to keep it strong and expanding.

REBUILD WHERE WAR HAS TORN DOWN: For work abroad or at home, wherever war has ravaged normal living, mission agencies are looking for agriculturalists, doctors, dentists, foresters, teachers of various subjects, community workers, accountants, pastors, evangelists, sanitation engineers. Mission workers will be sent by the thousand to China, India, Europe, Japan, Africa, Latin America. Christian reconstruction is a challenge to lay before men who have been trained to carry out "mis-

sions" of a radically different sort.

DEDICATE LIFE ITSELF TO SERVING GOD: Don't understate, by counsel or example, the profound satisfaction of living a church vocation in days when many are finding jobs dull and unproductive. Suggest that a service man project himself fifty years forward, looking back at his life work. Is there not an ultimate satisfaction in investing a life in the service of God through the church? Church vocations aren't often overpaid, even though they offer more security than many kinds of work. They invoke personal and family living on a plain scale, perhaps a frugal one, not concerned with "keeping up with the Joneses." That, for some of the most thoughtful young men, is an appealing fact as we face the frenzied tempo of American life forecast for postwar days.

III

As a chaplain, don't always wait until a likely service man approaches you about these matters; instead bring the matter up informally yourself. Time is short! Keep your eye on certain men to whom this challenge should be made real. Pray about them and their decisions. If you don't broach the matter now they may never be

confronted with the claim of church vocations at any time. But try to follow through with any men who show definite interest.

Ecclesiastically, the first step is to refer them to their home pastor or denominational headquarters, for encouragement and definite counsel.

Educationally, advise Armed Forces Institute courses if they have leisure and have not yet finished high school or college. Help them plan college or graduate courses under the GI Bill of Rights, suggesting specific schools and major fields of study to be taken after discharge. Give them a hand with the choice of a seminary, perhaps aiding them to make advance application for enrollment.

Personally, give time especially to men confronting this challenge. Pray with them, following them with letters now and then if no one else is keeping alive this particular concern.

Above all, *vocationally* show your constant faithfulness to your "high calling in Christ Jesus." For the life and ministry of the chaplain is the ultimate witness and recommendation of church leadership among millions of young men.

The ministry of the future, chaplain, is in your hands!

-
- Beware of a reputation for bad breath or rancid jokes; both are offensive.
 - You can't put fire into your sermon unless there is fire in your heart.
 - Two things can't be imitated: God's sunset and man's sincerity.
 - It is better to establish a good precedent than to follow a bad one.
 - Ritual is inspiring if kept alive; extempore prayer is depressing if made up largely of outworn and stock phrases.

TEXT: "Let no man trouble me: for I bear . . . the marks of the Lord Jesus."—Gal. 6:17

Badge or Brand?

By WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, D.D.

First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.

LET no man trouble me," Paul said; yet trouble with a capital "T" seemed to be his middle name. How men had troubled him! He is writing to friends: "Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in peril in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in peril among false brethren . . . in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness" (II Cor. 11:24-27).

He talks like a soldier in the thick of things. Yet he says he is no longer afraid of trouble because he has received a hidden mark that gives him security and courage. Though he was a free Roman citizen, born so, he uses the figure of a slave. "I bear in my body"—that is, I wear branded in my body—"the marks of a slave."

His experiences as a soldier of a great cause, nearly twenty centuries ago, suggest the question, "Badge or Brand?"



There is a great deal to be said for the badge. It has its place—a useful, honorable place. We could not well get along without badges. They tell a good deal about us, to what outfit we belong, our rank, position, standing. We could not carry on any great cause, even in civilian life, without

badges. How many and how varied they are, in all the colors of the rainbow, all shapes and sizes, simple, elaborate, sturdy, shining, of the finest silks, with threads of gold! Who does not admire a beautiful badge and love to wear one if it is his? It is one of life's greatest moments for us when some important personage fastens a badge upon our coats. It becomes a family heirloom, something of which a child or grandchild will someday say proudly, "That was Daddy's, or Granddad's."

In its place the badge is wonderful, but, unhappily, it often gets out of place and is worn by those who have no real right to it. The fact of the matter is that by its nature it is meant to be put on and then taken off. We no sooner get it than we may have to give it up. Flags are not rags; neither are badges just dirty ribbons. Why not

be satisfied with our badges and let it go at that?

Well, the real difficulty is not merely that the badge can be taken off as readily as it is put on, but that it can be worn by those who do not deserve it. It is not even skin-deep. Men have been known to get it by paying for it—if not always with money, with "pull." The streets of city and village often seem to be filled with badge-wearers, of whom we wonder whether they really have the right to their adornments. The very fact that a badge may be put on and taken off makes a misfit so easily possible. Pretenders are known to march and strut when they know that their badges are sham decorations.

Then there is this further limitation. Some folk seem to get the "badge habit." They would not risk their skins, but they freely offer their garments—for badges! Clubs, lodges and societies of all sorts often seem to put a premium upon furbelows and decorations. Men, women and little children so often succumb to "badgitis." Not bad if the badges tell the truth. Yet when the badge says one thing and the life another, it is painful and shameful.

At the heart of the matter, the badge is not what we profess to be but what we, or others, say that we are. The more ornate the badge the worse it is when it does not tell the real truth. Profession is essential; we cannot get along without it. We must be organized and labelled, and each of us in his place. But it takes profession *plus* performance to tell the whole story. The ornamental badge only tells half; the hidden brand, the inward mark of

reality and of truth, tells the rest.

The brand, of which the word from the Bible speaks here, is a mark put not on one's clothes, but upon one's body. Slaves were branded in those days—with all kinds of marks, some simple, others cruel and disfiguring—to denote that they were owned by someone else.

Can there be anything honorable about the use of a brand for a human being? Yes, when it is willingly received, not upon skin and flesh, but as a mark of divine ownership. The reason that Saul of Tarsus gloried in his "brand" was that it was a sign that he belonged to a master—not one whom he dreaded, but one whom he trusted and loved to serve, and in whose service he found full and satisfying freedom.

The reason that Paul was not afraid of trouble was that he was sure of the power and goodness of the one whom he served. The secret of his amazing life—a life that still thrills us by its courage and devotion—was in the fact that he chose as his Lord and Master Jesus Christ, whom he had once hated and whose followers he had persecuted.

Paul was so sure of his Master that he was afraid of nothing merely human. Just as a lover wears some secret token given him by his beloved one (but deeper down than eye can see) so this good soldier of human freedom centuries ago was not ashamed of the hidden mark of his Lord and Master.

So the brand stands for ownership, security, loyalty and service. Once received it cannot be removed. Patriotism may be a badge, piety a picture, yet they may both

be marked with reality and truth. How wonderful when badges and brands tell the same story!

We are made by the great causes to which we devote our lives, by the masters whom we serve. The one true master of men, whose name and sign many of us bear, will do us no wrong. He came among men to set them free, not to enslave them. He may put heavy burdens upon us, but he asks us to bear no load that he himself has not carried. He goes with his own to every battlefield for human freedom. He is the prince of the world's peace. He keeps faith with his followers. Will we keep faith with him?

What shall be our highest mark

of distinction—some beautiful badge that we can take off as readily as we put it on, or his name upon our souls and his spirit in our hearts? The test may come to-day. The Holy Saviour never fails those who wear his mark upon their souls.

*Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe;
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round his standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For his truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are thine!*

» BULLETIN BRIGHTENERS «

Said Augustine: "An evil thought passes thy door first as a stranger. Then it enters as a guest. Then it installs itself as a master."

A Cornish proverb: "He that will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock."

Many a person throws his tongue into high gear before he gets his brain going.

William Allen White said it: "Liberty is one thing you can't have unless you give it to others."

No man's opinion is entirely worthless. Even a watch that won't run is right twice a day.

To get the true measure of any man's capacity, note how much more he does than is required of him.

"You are writing a gospel, a chapter each day,
By deeds that you do, by words that you say.
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true.
Say, what is the gospel according to you?"

Greater love hath no man for his children than he who deems a good name and a Christian character the finest legacy he can leave them.

Consider the hammer—the only knocker in the world that does any good.

- An SOS from "the boss" brought this wife into active service

"Mrs. Chaplain"

By ELSIE BANCROFT NICHOLS'

Wife of Chaplain Frederick B. Nichols, Camp Crowder, Mo.

WHEN my husband became convinced that he should enter the chaplaincy, I laid aside my personal apprehensions, and, as his secretary, typed his applications, aiding and abetting him as much as possible. I have always felt that the will of God for me must be influenced by God's will for my husband, that God reckoned us as one in this respect.

When I "loaned" him to the army and said goodbye to him, for the duration as far as I knew, and he started off for Chaplain School, my deepest pang was for the years of service together that we would miss. For twelve years we had labored in the Master's vineyard, side by side, supplementing each other's efforts, and finding much joy and satisfaction in the doing.

By selling, loaning and storing, I reduced the furniture in my eleven-room parsonage to the amount needed for a small apartment in a nearby city. Then, with my nine-year-old daughter established in a new school, I took up a fulltime teaching position in a Baptist seminary, where previously I had been engaged parttime. I taught hymnology, conducting and choir methods, history of religious music and gave private vocal lessons in my spare time.

I enjoyed the teaching, but the rest of the time was deadly! I am sure that thousands of war wives could testify to the same experience. There seemed

to be no point to cooking or cleaning, or any phase of daily routine, without the "boss" there to appreciate the effort. Camp Crowder, where the chaplain landed in his first assignment, seemed as far away as the Solomons!

But after two months of this existence our chaplain wired, wrote and phoned that he wanted us with him in Missouri—for ourselves, to be sure—but also because he needed an organist, a choir director and a secretary. So long as he was in this country, he said, he saw no reason for not meeting these needs as he had through the years. So fearing nothing, even the unknown future, as much as life alone, I resigned my position, stored my furniture, packed up the family car with our clothes, my iron, toaster, a favorite paring knife and a pile of music and started from New York state for Missouri, traveling most of the way in a blinding blizzard.

I

Neosho, a typical army camp town—only more so—finally yielded a tiny apartment in which we could manage. I spent a couple of weeks going about the post and in the chapel, just absorbing army atmosphere and developing an army point of view. "Chaplain Nic," as we all call him (he had been "Preacher Nic" before), was able to clear me, through the regimental commander and the post chaplain, for all

confidential work for the chaplain.

I am not telling of my work with a view to making it seem more important than that of the other members of the chapel staff, but merely to picture the service I have been privileged to render. Chaplain Nic is very fortunate (at this writing) in having been retained at this one spot for twenty months. He thoroughly knows his area and we have become oldtimers, if you please, in a place where personnel changes are everyday occurrences.

The chapel has had several splendid young men as assistants, but the extensive program made it impossible for them to do all the work necessary. So I took over the chapel correspondence along with other duties. We have a standing rule that every soldier who writes us will receive a reply. At present I am writing letters for the chaplain to men on every battlefield in the world.

With the chaplain's help, I have organized and maintained for over a year an *a cappella* chorus, numbering from twenty-five to forty-five men. I accompany this group on the Hammond organ, directing as I play.

II

Protestant regimental services are held at both 10 and 11 A.M. on Sunday in order to take care of the men who wish to attend. The chorus occasionally prepares a sacred secular program and appears at the service clubs and before troops in field training.

I put in, hour-for-hour, the long duty-hours which the chaplain spends with his work. Sometimes I do get tired and cross, and wonder why I don't stay at home and spend these months in leisurely living with a comfortable amount of social life, as do many of my friends who are officers'

wives. But on second thought I do know why—the compensations are too great!

I shall never forget the letter from the mother of one of the choir men. All three of her sons were in the service; would I please take the enclosed bill, buy a birthday cake and some ice cream and have a party for her boy after the next rehearsal? She said her house was so quiet—she almost envied me the privilege of working with the boys.

III

Nor shall I forget Don, who came in sobbing on payday afternoon as I sat alone in the office. I had him sit down, put a glass of cool water near him and then completely ignored him for fifteen minutes, while I went on with my work. After he had got hold of himself I quietly said, "Want to tell me about it?" And out tumbled the heart-breaking tale of a girl who had let him down. I pointed out to him that he was fortunate compared with many chaps who had sat in the same chair to tell of wives who had let down not only a soldier but oftentimes two or three small children as well. He gave me his pay to keep for him, and went away. Later the chaplain talked to him about "soldiering" through the experience, and now we often get a big smile and a wave as we pass him about the camp.

I shall always cherish such remarks as that of one GI who said, "Gee, Mrs. Chaplain, you can't know how good it is just to see a woman about the chapel!"

Then there was the boy who wrote back to say, "No kidding, I really loved you both and your services." And the one who said, "Thanks, Mrs. Nic, for being so swell to me and the rest of

the boys and making us feel so very much at home."

I feel amply compensated by letters from parents, typical of which is this one I quote: "Accept the prayers and gratitude of Jack's parents that you, chaplain, and your wife, through your work and personalities, are bringing a touch of hometown church, a spiritual stimulation and comfort, and a sympathetic understanding to these

young men." That is sufficient pay!

The future is an unknown quantity. My chaplain expects soon to be called for duty overseas. But should this phase of my life end tomorrow, I shall always be grateful to my Heavenly Father for these months of "army" service. I know that when the day comes and I have to return to civilian life, I will feel as much "discharged" from the army as any GI!



"WE ARE SOON TO FOLLOW"

Benjamin Franklin writes to comfort a bereaved one

FEBRUARY 23, 1756

● I CONDOLE WITH YOU. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living.

A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases which it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a part of pleasure, which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?

Adieu,

B. FRANKLIN

(From *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters*. Edited by M. Lincoln Schuster)

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

(FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER)

LAST autumn the Office of the Chief Chaplains, U. S. Army, took a sort of Gallup Poll on the popularity of hymns among some 850 chaplains of the service commands. Protestant chaplains put at the top, "Faith of Our Fathers," written by Frederick William Faber, a Catholic. The vote indicated more than a choice in hymnology. It indicated also a refusal to be turned aside from the best in Christian song because of prejudice. Their feeling about it was somewhat like that of Lincoln in regard to "the Southerners' national anthem." When a crowd gathered beneath his window at the White House to serenade him over news of Appomattox, President Lincoln insisted that the bands strike up "Dixie"—saying, with respect to the right to appropriate it: "I presented the question to the Attorney General yesterday, and he gave his opinion that it is our lawful prize."

The author of "Faith of Our Fathers" was born at Calverley, England, June 28, 1814. After demonstrating good scholarship at Harrow, and Balliol and University Colleges, Oxford, he took orders in the Established Church and became the rector at Elton. During his nine years there he published a book of verse and a long poem, "Sir Lancelot," which commanded some attention from the literary lights. He admired the aging Wordsworth, visited him during vacation, and had some of the brethren nervous lest he might imbibe too much of that bard's pantheism. Their fears were groundless.

One Sunday evening, when he was 32, Frederick Faber announced to his congregation that he was soon to enter the Church of Rome. Two extended visits to the Continent and the in-

fluence of John Henry Newman were contributing factors. Perhaps it was well that he did, for he applied himself to supplying hymns, of which he considered there was a dearth in his adopted communion, for all Christendom. Most of them were first sung in services conducted in a humble London chapel transformed from an old tavern. Of the total of 150 published, the mortality list has been heavy. Hymnody has been enriched, however, by such survivors as "There's a Wilderness in God's Mercy," "O Come and Mourn with Me a While," "I Worship Thee, Most Gracious God," "O Paradise, O Paradise," "Hark, Hark, My Soul" and "Faith of Our Fathers."

Why did so many chaplains express a choice of "Faith of Our Fathers"? Perhaps it is because of the tune, "St. Catherines," adapted by James Walton, but more likely because it is familiar to and loved by so many service men. At evening in farmhouses, at camp-meetings, in schoolhouses, in country churches, at dedications, at commencements they have sung that hymn and it has left a trail of memories. Deep in the solitudes of Kentucky in 1770, Gasper Mansker heard a sound that none of his Long Hunters could identify as that of any cry of bird or beast. So, creeping stealthily toward the noise, Mansker found Daniel Boone lying on his back on a deerskin, singing a hymn learned in his boyhood. And not in wilderness solitudes only have men sought to sing away their loneliness.

"Faith of Our Fathers" also owes its popularity to the fact that it epitomizes what men in uniform are now striving for. Again the faith must pass through the ordeal of "dungeon, fire and sword."



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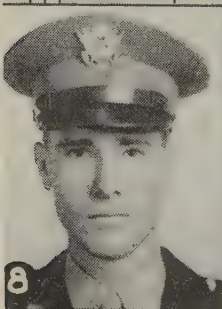
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"Detainees"

Protestant Chaplains Taken Prisoners of War

1. **ROBERT P. TAYLOR** (Baptist, South)
Taken prisoner of the Japanese at Cororua, May 7, 1942.
2. **HERBERT R. TRUMP** (Lutheran)
Taken prisoner of the Japanese in Philippines, May 7, 1942.
3. **GUNNAR J. TEILMANN, JR.** (Methodist)
Taken prisoner of the Germans in Germany, August 9, 1944.
4. **SAMUEL E. DONALD** (Methodist)
Taken prisoner of the Japanese at Cororua, May 7, 1942.
5. **ARTHUR V. CLEVELAND** (Disciples)
Taken prisoner of the Japanese at Cororua, May 7, 1942.
6. **EUGENE L. DANIEL** (Presbyterian US)
Taken prisoner of the Germans in Germany, February 17, 1943.
7. **ROBERT M. HENNON** (Baptist, South)
Taken prisoner of the Germans in Germany, June 6, 1944.
8. **TILDON S. MCGEE** (Baptist, South)
Taken prisoner of the Germans in Germany, September 26, 1944.
9. **EARL R. BREWSTER** (Methodist)
Taken prisoner of the Japanese in Philippines, May 7, 1942.
10. **DAVID L. QUINN** (Protestant Episcopal)
Taken prisoner of the Japanese in Philippines, May 7, 1942.



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13

"Enemy"

Germans and Japanese

FRED C. OLIVER, JR. (Methodist)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese in Philip-
 pines, 1942; released in American action,
 January 30, 1945.

WILLIAM F. ZIMMERMAN (Disciples)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese at Corregidor,
 May 7, 1942.

FRED E. DAY (Baptist, South)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese at Corregidor,
 May 7, 1942.

MARK L. TIFFANY (Presbyterian USA)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese at Corregidor,
 May 7, 1942.

WILLIAM O. WILCOX (Methodist)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese in Philippines,
 1942; reported released in recent American
 action.

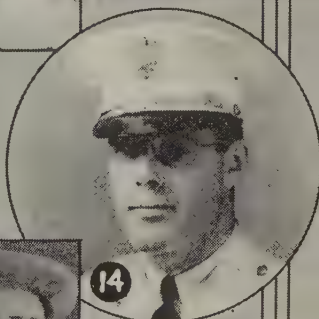
WILLIAM K. BORNEMAN (Presbyterian USA)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese in Philippines,
 1942; released recently in American action.

WILLIAM W. D. BROWN (Methodist)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese at Corregidor,
 May 7, 1942.

WILLIAM D. S. HALL (Protestant Episcopal)
 taken prisoner of the Germans in Holland,
 September 18, 1944.

VIRT ST. CLAIR SCOTT (Disciples)
 taken prisoner of the Germans in Holland,
 September 18, 1944.

WILLIAM M. DAWSON (Baptist, North)
 taken prisoner of the Japanese at Corregidor,
 May 7, 1942.



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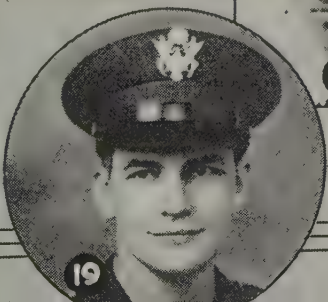
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Immorality or Immortality

By CHAPLAIN HARVEY R. KESTER

A SOLDIER who apparently had heard a number of sex morality lectures before asked the chaplain who was scheduled to address the regiment if he were going to give another on of those *immorality* lectures. "No," replied the chaplain, "I am going to give another one of those *Immortality* lectures."

The chaplain spoke well, for I believe the man who is *immoral* has little chance of becoming *immortal*. Any man who thinks that he can indulge in immorality and at the same time expects to have a share in immortality deceives himself. The saying is still as true as the Bible: "The wages of sin is death."

Speaking of immortality, there are many young men engaged in this war who will win immortal fame. I'm thinking of the Bongs and the Kellys and a host of other war heroes. As necessary as such men are to the victorious prosecution of the war, I as a chaplain am not interested only in the hero who shoots down so many planes or sinks so many ships or destroys so many tanks. As a chaplain I am especially interested in the hero who wins the battle against temptation and immorality, the hero who can say NO in the face of the most alluring circumstances, the hero who refuses to allow himself to become contaminated by unwholesome companions—the hero who like Daniel of old can be sent anywhere in the world and still remain pure and clean in body and

soul even in the midst of the most debasing influences.

In addressing a group of service men someone once said: "You have entered the military service in order to put your manhood at the command of your country. How foolish you would be if in gaining victory you yourself be conquered."

I

I want to address a few words to the married men. The temptation to indulge in sex relations will be greater for many of you. Some men who have won great military victories have found that they have been unable to conquer themselves. Remember, Jesus was tempted in many ways, but his greatness lay in the fact that he refused to yield, he refused to use his God-given powers for his own selfish ends. You have a wife and children who are counting on you, depending upon you to do the right thing. "She will never find out," is a phrase in which some men have sought consolation. But remember, when you commit adultery something happens to the marriage relationship. Your relationship to your wife will never be the same. Discard your marriage vows and you destroy something in your soul that cannot be repaired. "Sex has brought more heaven and hell into life than has any other thing," says Stanley Jones, "and we make the heaven or hell according to what we do with sex."

II

Now, a word to you single men. You, too, will be confronted with the alternative—to yield or not to yield. You would do well to heed the words of an army officer: "A soldier unable to command his own passions is a disgrace to the flag he serves. But a soldier pure in heart and clean in body has a power for good to his fellowmen and his country."

The libertine is in danger of losing his respect for women altogether. The man who indulges promiscuously before marriage cannot expect to have the respect for his own wife that he would otherwise have.

The title of a sermon I heard many years ago still rings in my ears. It was entitled: "Slightly Soiled and Greatly Reduced in Price." The man or woman who engages in illicit relationships may be only slightly soiled—but the soul has certainly been greatly reduced in value, so much so that it can be bought at almost any price.

III

What about those who believe that it is not wrong to be promiscuous? What about those epicureans who say: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die?"

To those I can only say that they have died a thousand times already. Each philosophy leads to a living death. Suppose a girl with whom you have "an affair" does not believe in that kind of philosophy. Suppose she has brought up to believe that pro-

miscuous indulgence is wrong, but in a moment of weakness yields to the temptation? When she comes to herself she realizes, too late perhaps, the truth that "the wages of sin is death."

I say the man who has seduced her will be just as guilty of murder as the man who commits murder in the first degree, for such an act strikes a mortal blow at the soul of an innocent girl.

IV

Finally, to those who believe in God, in the Bible, in the church and in the teachings of Jesus Christ, I can say with confidence that you have something that will enable you to overcome every temptation that falls athwart your path. Hold fast, then, to the ideals which you have been taught. Be true to yourself. Don't be a moral coward. Be a hero. Suppose you gain the whole world of satisfied appetites and lose your own soul, what will it profit you?

Remember, you *can* sublimate the sex urge. By finding right companions, by engaging in wholesome recreation, by worshiping God, you will find access to a life that will spell permanent victory.

The words of the Apostle Paul are still adequate: "Discipline always seems for the time to be a thing of pain, but those who are trained by it reap the fruit of it afterwards in the peace of an upright life."

Sir Galahad's challenge is also worth repeating: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

AND I SAID TO THE MAN at the gate of the year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied, "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you a better than light and safer than a known way."

—M. L. HASKINS

Our Class in Homiletics

☉ IN AN HOUR like this, the world is crying out for some prophetic word that shall restore the spirits of men and kindle anew the flame of hope in their sad hearts. Out of the distant past comes such a word. It is John Wesley's stern reminder to his preachers, "You have nothing to do but to save souls!" Souls? How quaint! We moderns have all but forgotten that there is such a thing as the soul. Some years ago when Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, son of the late President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard College, was a young man, he was offered a position of large opportunity by the president of a great railway system. He refused the offer and entered the Christian ministry. Commenting on the decision, a friend of Harvard's noted president remarked, "I hear your son is entering the ministry. I had thought that he would go in for something real." Replied the distinguished Dr. Eliot, "He did go in for something real, the realest thing in the world, the chance to exercise influence upon the ruling sentiments of man." The Christian ministry will become a calling, "the realest thing in the world," if we always remember that ancient word, "You have nothing to do but to save souls!"

—BISHOP LEWIS O. HARTMAN

☉ E. STANLEY JONES, famous missionary in India, spoke very frankly with Mahatma Gandhi one day. "Mr. Gandhi, it is an object urged against Christianity that it is a foreign religion in India. Some missionaries are anxious to have Christianity fit the country and its people. How can this be done? What advice can you give?" The little brown man in the loincloth did not hesitate. His sentence was brief, frank and to the point. "Preach your religion without diluting it!"

☉ "CHARLES," said Coleridge one day to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" Lamb replied, "I never heard you do anything else."

☉ IT IS SAID that when Roundhead in St. Andrew's, Holburn, levelled a musket at the breast of the venerable prelate, Hackett, and ordered him to desist from preaching, he never hesitated for an instant, but replied, simply: 'Soldier, do your duty; I shall continue to do mine.'

☉ Phocion, Athenian general and statesman, said one time to another Athenian general: "Young man, thy words are like the cypress, tall and large; but they bear no fruit."

Litter—or Literature?

By CHAPLAIN IRA S. FRITZ

CHAPLAIN, what about these bundles of printed matter? This is the second time we have moved them this week, and the shelf is going to break down if we don't do something about it."

It was the long-suffering chaplain's assistant speaking, and the chaplain said he certainly should have to do something about it. For of the making of religious tracts and other religious literature—and of the sending of it to chaplains—there is no end!

Let us consider the matter.

There are really only two things to be said: First, if the chaplain is carrying excess baggage of this kind, he must get rid of it. You can contact some brother chaplain who might find it useful, or get rid of it by more direct action—the government needs salvage paper. Second, use what you have, or get what you need, if you don't have it, and plan to use it in the most effective manner possible.

On the first point, no directions are necessary. Here are some ideas on point two:

1. Learn what tracts and other religious literature may be procured. See Technical Circular No. 7, Office Chief of Chaplains, 1 May 1942, also the regular Circular Letters produced by the Office Chief of Chaplains.

2. Use good judgment in selecting the tracts and pamphlets you want to use. This generally means that you will want to read them yourself

before placing a larger order, and then decide which may be the most useful to your personnel.

3. Order only in amounts that you will be able to use within a month. This will avoid stocking up on an item for which there may develop no great demand. You can always re-order if you need more.

4. Display your literature attractively. Why not classify it, in a general way, and keep materials of one kind together in your racks? The men will be able to find what they want much more readily and it will indicate good housekeeping. Such a general classification might include—Bible Study, Daily Devotions, Personal Faith, Orientation, Christian Living (to include temperance, clean speech, personal purity, etc.), Marriage and Family Life, Vocational Interests, Sermons and Magazines. Keep Testaments, Bibles and Scripture portions together.

5. Be alert for new ways and means of getting literature into the hands of the persons who should read it. You can add your own ideas to these given here. Letter inclosures and individual distribution are the best, but avoid at all times the "hand-bill method" of distribution. A "tract-of-the-week" may be made available to all who attend chapel service, and further distribution may be made in connection with chapel addresses or classes in church membership.

6. Consider the special needs of the men under your pastoral care and get appropriate religious literature to them. For example, the sick in hospitals, convalescent patients, prisoners, new troops and discharges may require special selection.

7. Read what others have done. Get the brochure "The Chaplain and His Use of the Bible" from the American Bible Society, Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York, N. Y. This fine booklet sets forth many tested methods, applying not only to the distribution of the Scriptures, but to all other religious literature as well.

8. Be on the lookout for tangible results from your tract ministry. Make a note of them. Pass them on to your brother chaplains, by personal letter or through the columns of this magazine.

9. Preach a sermon occasionally on the privilege and duty of all Christians to spread God's Word by means of printed page. (See Eccl. 11:1, Isa. 32:20a.)

10. Remember that men read only what they are interested in, or become interested in. They need to be

motivated to read our literature. Supplying this motivation is an important part of the chaplain's job. Keep everlastingly at it.

Actually, there is no easy road to a successful use of the printed word. Most of us know what we want to do but we do not always gain maximum results because of faulty planning, lack of initiative, or carelessness in attention to details. Dr. Halford E. Luccock puts it straight when he says "A consideration of ends without attention to means is pure sentimentalism."

The effective use of tracts and other religious literature may appear to some chaplains to be a rather insignificant matter. However, the possibilities of multiplying our contacts and our message through the printed page are such that the prayerful, well-planned, persistent use of these materials gains great significance. It is the trifles that make perfection in art and in Christian work, but perfection is no trifle. Let us press on all along the line to a mature ministry and service to men in this day of the world's burning, God helping us.



☉ THE PUREST MINDS and gentlest hearts make us painfully aware of our wrongs. Lacordaire, the famous French preacher, was such a notable orator that his words thrilled multitudes. His auditors listened breathlessly to his message. But there was another Frenchman of his day, the Curé of Ars, who always searched his hearers' hearts. To his village came Lacordaire one day. The great orator sat under the preaching of the simple saint who had become a master of personal conferences long before modern ministers had seriously studied this technique. When people in the village expressed astonishment at the condescension of the renowned orator, his reply was: "When I preach people swarm the churches, and even sit on top of the confession-boxes to hear me; but when your saintly priest speaks they go into the confessionals."

—From *We Believe*, by G. Ray Jordan (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

I D E A E X C H A N G E

British Patterns

British chaplains, like our own, go for group discussions. They too are obliged to adjourn with numerous problems still unsettled, but they do have rather a good name for their meeting. It is known as "Padre's Hour." A group of non-Anglican chaplains attached to the Royal Air Force has drawn up a manifesto meant "to smk denominationalism" which will be submitted to the headquarters of various Free Churches. In part it reads: "We have found a unity and fellowship in our ministry as chaplains in the R. A. F. that we do not wish to lose in denominationalism after the war comes to an end."

Outlasts Foxhole Type

While serving with an anti-aircraft unit in the Hawaiian area, CHAPLAIN ROLAND C. PICKHARDT formed definite convictions about the most durable type of work which a chaplain can perform. He says, in praise of chaplains visiting service men: "It is my conviction that this friendly, Christian interest in the welfare of each man will bear more dividends over an extended period of time than will manifestations of 'foxhole religion.' The men will not soon forget that the church came to them where they were and when they needed help."

The Ten Best

The Army and Navy Commission of the Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod) held a "best-loved" hymn contest. Here are the ten hymns in order of their popularity: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," "Rock of Ages," "Abide With Me," "What a Friend We

Have in Jesus," "Beautiful Savior," "In the Hour of Trial," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Just As I Am," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Ink Did the Trick

¶ One day a young soldier called to see CHAPLAIN WILMER A. BRIGGS. He carried a letter which had arrived with all the gentleness of a bomb. His wife explained to her absent husband that she had reached the conclusion that the two were not meant for each other, and would be happier divorced. How he handled this problem Chaplain Briggs explains as follows: "By reading between the lines, and in conversation with the soldier, I decided the trouble could be ironed out. So I wrote the wife a real soft and mushy love letter. In about a week he came back to my office, all smiles, saying, 'Captain, everything is O.K. at home now!'"

Convert to Gospel Songs

¶ CHAPLAIN JOHN M. WHALLON, perhaps the only chaplain regularly assigned to an LST, saw transferred from another LST to his own, during a terrific tempest, an old piano. Chaplain Whallon regards this exploit in making the transfer during a storm not so remarkable as the change the old piano has made in his attitude to gospel singing. Here is what he says:

"The piano has been the greatest single blessing we have had on the 464. Directly it inspired group singing; group singing inspired me to realize how much the men love the old church songs; singing these old songs of the revival type inspired me with a new love of singing; this new-found love

of singing these songs has persuaded me, a stuffy Presbyterian, eastern sea-board type, that these songs have a vital place in our church program for the young people.

"No word I have yet spoken has brought the gospel message to our men as forcibly as the singing of these old songs. How many times, after long days of being under attack, have we gathered round the old piano which we rebuilt, and sung ourselves back into a spirit of bright cheer!"

Overcame Restrictions

¶ CHAPLAIN ALBERT HULLAH, repatriated from Germany after four years in internment camps, and wearing the Military Cross, has described how a Nazi commandant forbade him to preach unless he submitted his sermons for censorship. Inquiring if instead of preaching he might comment on the Scripture lessons, he received this reply: "No objection raised." Clever, these British chaplains!

Sentiment for Bible

¶ A bit of rivalry in the attachment to their Bibles through long association frequently springs up among chaplains. For instance, when CHAPLAIN ANDREW G. SOLLA read in THE CHAPLAIN that CHAPLAIN WILLIAM B. HOOD for two and a half years during his tour of foreign duty has carried the same Bible which he used while formerly working with the Sudan-United Mission in Nigeria, he sent this statement:

"I believe that I can beat Chaplain Hood's record. In 1917, when stationed at Camp Devens, the minister of the Olivet Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., sent me a Bible. I carried it all through the last war. Then I carried it through every state of the Union four times and twice through Canada, and today I have the same Bible with me in Merry Old England, and it may go with me to France. What chaplain

can meet or beat this record.

This is not to suggest to chaplains now on duty that they preserve their Bibles for service in some coming war but that they might hang on to them as "association pieces"—if not for more practical purposes.

An Inquiry

¶ When Z. Robb Zaring of Miami Fla., read of the awarding of the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously to CHAPLAINS ALEXANDER D. GOOD, GEORGE L. FOX, CLARK V. POLING and JOHN P. WASHINGTON, he wrote: "The four chaplains who gave their lives that four sailors might live is but half the story. Why not find out the names of their beneficiaries—if living—and suggest that they band themselves into a living memorial?"

Dr. Daniel A. Poling reports that he has met with only two or three of the survivors of the *S. S. Dorchester* on which his son was lost. If any chaplain can direct the editors of THE CHAPLAIN to other survivors, the favor will be appreciated.

Spiritual Pinch-bitter

¶ CHAPLAIN GEORGE H. MARRS illustrates the co-operation between chaplains of different faiths by an experience he had when stationed at the Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark. The Baptist chaplain writes: "One good friend, a Jewish chaplain, frequently refers to the time when I volunteered to make up the necessary 'tenth man' at one of his services. I must admit that I did not understand all that went on, but that did not hinder me from getting some good out of the meeting."

Emphasis on Prayer

¶ Several months ago, feeling the need of emphasis upon prayer more than just on Sunday, and knowing that just a small percentage of men would be reached in daily prayer groups, I commenced a six o'clock "Moments of Meditation" each ev-

ing over our public address system which could be heard throughout the group. It was carried out something like this: Attention was called to the meditation by playing familiar religious music. The same selection was used each evening. Then with this same music in the background, I presented a thought for the evening, closing with a prayer. The whole thing lasted not quite five minutes. I was a little dubious as to how this undertaking would be received, but later found out that most of the men looked forward to it, and greatly treasured these moments.

—CHAPLAIN BRUNSON C. WALLACE

✓ "Walls of Zion" Rebuilt

When CHAPLAIN IRA WILSON FRANTZ arrived in a little French village he found that a little Protestant church had been blasted by German artillery. Jeremiah did not face a worse predicament. But the chaplain went to the town major, conferred with his commanding officer, laid the situation before the men of his unit always eager for the prosperity of Zion, and soon the little chapel was undergoing a strangely beautiful transformation. Prisoners of war removed the rubble, the town mayor provided material, Christian soldiers made the repairs to roof, walls and windows and soon American service men were housed in worshipful surroundings and singing the Lord's song in a strange land. Teamwork did it.

Self Service

Time was when CHAPLAIN LESTER B. HONDERICH went through the wards of Station Hospital, Camp Claiborne, La., giving each patient a copy of the same tract. Soon the chaplain concluded that men should be allowed to select their mental and spiritual fare for themselves. Now he packs until it fulgences the case which usually holds communion set, and, arriving in ward, he empties the contents of

good literature upon an unoccupied bed and the patients come forward and take their choice.

Idea for Texts

¶ CHAPLAIN FRANK H. WYOKE observed that wounded men arriving at his overseas station hospital always had their New Testaments with them, if they retained any personal possessions at all, and that they valued them highly. He writes: "In paging through the Testaments of patients in our hospital, I came upon various verses that were underlined. This gave me the idea for a series of 'foxhole' sermons based on texts that had been valuable to men at the front."

"Happy Birthday to You"

¶ From Great Bend, Kansas, CHAPLAIN ARTHUR E. K. BRENNER sends a plan that promotes friendly feeling: "I find pleasure in sending a birthday card to each officer and enlisted man in our bombardment group when his birthday rolls around. I also write a letter for the commanding officer which he personally signs and mails to each man to reach him on his birthday."

Scripture Rations

¶ When CHAPLAIN WENDELL HENLINE was assigned to a general depot in England at the beginning of last year, he found that while the 1,200 to 2,600 men stationed there were allowed time off for church on Sunday, the majority were at too great a distance to attend. He concluded that he would carry the gospel to them, and he did it by designing a handy card with mimeographed Scripture verses entitled "Rations for the Week." Each week he changed the bill of fare, passed them out personally with a greeting to each man, until he whetted a real appetite for the rations. Result: by the end of 1944 he had given out 30,000 scriptural meals.

THOUGHT - STARTERS

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED

TO "PRIMING THE PUMP"

Easter Island

IF YOU WILL look some time, as most people in the United States are doing these days, at a map of the Pacific Ocean, your eye may be caught by a tiny speck a short distance west of Chile, which bears the name of Easter Island. It is a small, rocky island about fifty miles square, and received its name because it was discovered on Easter Sunday in 1722. Easter Island—it is a name to stir the imagination!

It is recalled here for just one purpose: to drive in the fact that Easter is not an island in human life. It is part of the mainland of life, joined closely to every aspect of life.

True, we have often made it seem an island, just a day apart, a day for flowers, new clothes and particularly hats! But Easter is joined inseparably to all that we are and do, to all of the need and the welfare and the hope of all men.

Easter is part of the mainland because it brings the assurance that Jesus was what he claimed to be, and hence, brings a guarantee that "now are we the sons of God," and that we cannot drift beyond his love and care.

It is part of the mainland because it reveals that the power of Jesus is not buried away in some forgotten



BY HALFORD
LUCCOCK, D.D.

Syrian tomb, but that he is alive, at work in the world, a "dangerous man at large" and that is bad news for all the evil powers that prey on life, and mangle and crush it. That puts heart into our struggle against wrong.

Easter is part of the mainland because it cries out to us, "Let's get going."

Easter is not only something to believe, but something to do. Give the things that last into eternity the upper place in our lives, and work for an order of life in the world in which people will be treated, not as things to squeeze a profit out of, but as men with an opportunity for abundant life.

A New Look at Yourself

EASTER brings what every man needs: a new view of himself, in which his value shoots way up from a thing, to a child of God of unmeasurable value.

What is Man? Just a bit of mud in motion? A cog in a vast impersonal machine? An orphan in a bewilderingly large orphan asylum, stretching on for billions of miles, with no regard for the tiny personal speck that move on one of the minor stars—the earth? Is that Man?

To questions such as these—and we cannot escape them—Easter answers with a resounding, "No!" Man is a child of God in whose eyes he has

an eternal value. That is something to sing about. That is why we sing about Easter, and why men have been singing about it for nineteen centuries. "Christ the Lord is risen today!"

A few years ago a picture came to my mind and has stuck like a burr to my mind ever since. He was in a little town on a Sunday afternoon, waiting for a bus, and went into the only building open—the post office. He looked at the art gallery that decorates the walls of every post office in the nation—the strong stern faces of men wanted for robbing the mails. They were men with a price on their heads: five hundred dollars reward for the capture of one; a thousand dollars for another. A price on their heads. Then it flashed through his mind that the central truth of Easter is that every man has a price on his head, a *divine* worth, set by God the Creator and Father of all—every man, woman and child on the earth. Think what that means! That little child dying of starvation in India, that overloaded coolie in Chungking, that soldier left in the field of battle has an eternal worth as great as any emperor who ever lived. The last, the least, the lost of humanity, to whom Jesus reaches out, these all have a divine price on their heads. If we let that thought sink into our minds, it gives a new dimension to life.

"Go to Hell"

"HOLD ON," chaplain, some one will say. "That's pretty rough language for a parson." All right, I agree with you. But don't blame me; blame the Bible, for that's what it says in the Bible. Some skeptic may say, "Where do you find that kind of language in the Bible?" Here is the reference: "Depart from me ye cursed, into ever-

lasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matthew 25:41). Now, if that doesn't mean "Go to hell" what does it mean? And who said it? Jesus. If you don't believe it, look it up in the gospel of Matthew. But don't get the idea that Jesus was just using profanity. It is far, far more serious than that and is something to jolt our self-satisfaction and bring us up with a jerk.

Jesus is telling a story of the Last Judgment and setting forth the kind of examination we shall all have to take in order to get a passing mark on our lives. The people who passed were those who were sensitively aware of other people. They were the ones who saw the hungry and fed them, saw the sick and ministered to them, saw those in prison and visited them. They got the grade, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." The ones who "flunked" with a zero were those who didn't see and didn't care. They were the ones who were shut out.

It is a sobering thing to remember that what Jesus condemned were the sins of omission, the passing by on the other side because men were too busy with their own plans to notice or care that other people were in great need.

We may each ask how we would stack up on such an examination: Take my life right now—what kind of verdict would it win? From there the idea could be examined in some detail. First, the art of seeing and caring and doing something about the people near to us for whom we have no family responsibility, whose only qualification is that there is some need we can help. How many different kinds of help can be given! Then, there are also the people whom we

never see, but who are deeply affected by our attitudes and practices. For example, take one case which may seem to be remote, but is very real. Think of the children born into the world this year 1945. What happens to them is in our hands. Will they be ground down by another world war in twenty years? No one of us can decide that question. But all of us are deciding it by our attitudes to the kind of world we demand be made. We each have a vote, for it is the collective will, made up of lives one by one, which finally will decide.

"When the Brain Muscles In"

☞ THE PHRASE above comes from Edward K. Smith's book of a couple of years ago, *Last Train from Berlin*. He is describing the stunning spectacle which Hitler used to stage in the nineteen thirties at Nurnberg, Germany, with the enormous parade of the growing war machine. He says that his eye was caught and his nerve stirred by the magnificence of the spectacle, the marching columns, the bands. It was a great show. Then, he said, after a while, "The brain muscles in" to this emotional excitement and he remembered the dire threat made to the world by all this might and power. He was struck with the thought that, when analyzed, this was a terribly obscene spectacle, after all.

A good phrase, that—"when the brain muscles in." It represents the means of salvation from many of the destructive forces of life. Think of how the brain muscled in on the emotional orgy that gave rise to duelling. It was made into a matter of honor, that when a man called you an ugly name you had to go out and shoot

each other. Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had a long rivalry. One called the other a liar, so they had to go out and shoot, and the young United States lost one of its great minds, Hamilton. Then, finally, the world's brain muscled in on that idiotic code, and sponged it off the books. So with slavery. It was violently defended by men's traditions and emotions. They said the world has always had slavery and always would. Then after centuries, the brain muscled in; men began to think and showed up slavery as not only morally degrading but economically backward.

There is need for the brain muscle in on one's own life. Dissipation has a pull. "This is the life!" it cries. Let yourself go. Then is time for the brain to "muscle in," and let a person have a sharp glimpse of the end of the road; make him see the waste of opportunity and health and self-respect, that come from the "what-the-hell-let-yourself-go" program brings. Give the brain, the clear eyed reason, a chance to take over the emotions.

There is need for the brain to muscle in on social practices as well, such as war. What others?

In Danger of Living

☞ WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson was dying of tuberculosis on the island of Samoa in the Pacific Ocean, one of the minor irritations of his life was a sour-visaged missionary who hovered over him like the avenging angel. One day he sent him a cheerful note: "Mr. Stevenson," he wrote "you haven't got long to live. I would like to come and talk to you as to one in danger of dying." Stevenson wrote that in that case, he didn't want to see him, but that he would

glad to welcome him if he would talk to him "as to one who is in danger of living."

That puts a new twist on things, doesn't it? *In danger of living*. Aren't we all? Let the chaplain go on from here. There are real and great dangers of living: the danger of becoming a "stuffed shirt." (Here get your own definition of a "stuffed shirt" and why he is an abomination!) The danger of becoming mostly a stomach. (We can be swallowed by our own stomach.) The danger of becoming a sort of funnel in which the chief end of man is to keep the booze running downward.

Then stress the chief dangers of living, such as: the danger of missing the biggest prize of life, that of coming into relationship with God, sonship and obedience.

Mark Twain's little daughter once said to him, when he was having a triumphal tour of Europe, "You'll soon know everybody except God, won't you Papa?" She had something there! There is also the danger of living and having no real part in the struggle to make a better, finer world. That is too big a show to miss. What else?

Making the Sun Stand Still

Some of you will remember the story of Joshua in the Book of Judges in the Old Testament. He couldn't get through a battle he was fighting by sunset, so he commanded the sun to stand still. And the sun, the story goes, obligingly did so. About which we are tempted to say, "A good trick, if you can do it."

But we can do something like it. We can make the sun stand still and make a moment stay with us.

Three ways in particular: By prayer

or meditation, we can spread the mood of a moment of concentrated resolve so that its effects stay with us.

We can do it by preserving strong memories. We can stamp deeply on our minds something fine and high, something that has a pulling power upwards, so that it stays with us. We can do it with a great decision. Many a man, and not a saint either, has come to a final decision about some kind of conduct. He has said, "I don't go in for that sort of thing. It's out of bounds for me, now and always. I have better stuff ahead of me that would interfere with it." And that moment has lasted through life. Many a man has made the decision at marriage, that he would stay true to his wife, no matter where he might be or under what circumstances he might be. And he has stayed true. The sun has stood still over that day and hour. It is always with him.

It's a good trick—and you can do it, too, if you resolve it so.

"One of God's Friends"

¶ THERE IS a familiar story concerning the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who was on a visit to the United States a few years ago. A little girl in a settlement was so deeply impressed by his impressive white beard and his noble face that she asked her teacher, "Is that God?" The teacher answered, "No, that is just one of God's friends."

It was a beautiful tribute to a great man. And it might supply a visual picture for a talk or sermon. What would "just one of God's friends" be doing? How could we recognize one of God's friends in action? Can you suggest two or three marks which one of God's friends would show, some of his characteristics?

S E R M O N O U T L I N E S

CHRIST AND THE LONELY

TEXT: "*Behold the hour cometh, yea is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet, I am not alone, for the Father is with me.*"—John 16:32

I. THE REALITY OF LONELINESS.

It is the most universal feeling in the world.

- (a) A lonely family in a cave on the banks of the Yangtze.
- (b) A French-Canadian girl in the forests of Quebec praying for her "Pierre" before a wayside shrine.
- (c) A black woman by the Congo, longing for her great buck who has followed the white man to the end of the great river.
- (d) We in the service know its reality.
- (e) God knows its reality, for as he, through Christ, faced the cross, he dreaded not primarily its pain or its disgrace but its loneliness.

II. THE MEANING OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

- (a) God is a mutual acquaintance, Linking us with those we love. Like the moon, his presence can be shared regardless of distance.

We long for mutual acquaintances. "Where are you from?" "Do you know —?"

- (b) God is protecting those whom we love. We men have an instinct to protect those we love. God protects them far more completely than we ever could

—at all times, from all dangers and evil.

- (c) God's presence links us with those we love, even beyond the grave itself.

III. THE BLESSINGS OF LONELINESS.

- (a) With all that God does to relieve the sting of loneliness, some pain still remains. Rightly so, for God gives us loneliness for a purpose.
- (b) The world would never have had its great art and music had men not been lonely. Examples: Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Schubert, Tschaikovsky.
- (c) Loneliness makes our love more deep.
- (d) Loneliness challenges and strengthens our faith in God.

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN JOHN GALBREATH

THE STONES CRY OUT

TEXT: "*If these were silent the very stones would cry out.*"—Luke 19:40

INTRODUCTION: In dealing with any problem or any sin, Jesus had the faculty of going at once to the source. Examples: see his method of dealing with the woman of Samaria, the rich young ruler, the woman taken in adultery, etc.

1. Sketch the backdrop of the textual scene. Catch the drama of the Triumphal Entry, and call attention to the foes he had to face. "Tell your followers to be silent," he was told. Jesus answered in the text.

2. Cite cases in history where, when God's people kept silent, "the stones" did "cry out" and God accomplished His purpose through them. For example:

(a) During the life of Jesus, when the religious leaders failed, the common people were called.

(b) During the time of the early church, when leaders became blinded by power, the "little people" kept true religion alive.

(c) When the Bible was being translated, and the prelates opposed, humble churchmen took on the task and magnificently succeeded.

(d) When formalism stultified the Gospel, the Wesleyan movement sprang into being.

(e) When "other-worldiness" emptied the church, the social message of Rauschenbusch was born.

3. The same threat and the same promise is seen in today's problems and challenges. If the church is silent, "the very stones will cry out" in the form of an awakening among laymen in agencies apart from the church.

The following poem may be quoted in your sermon:

*The very stones cry out
When man, God's creature,
Silence keeps
At coming of the king.*

*The very stones cry out
When cowards cringe
And skeptics scoff
And doubters look about
For proof . . .*

*For proof?
What further proof need we?
The blind can see,
The prisoner's free,
The lame can walk,
The dumb can talk,
The poor have opportunity.*

*What further proof need we?
For here Messiah is
To save us from our sins
Of needless, selfish gain
And silence
At the world's great pain.*

*Oh, mark this well:
Immanuel comes again,
And yet again!
Cry out, ye children of the king,
And let Messiah reign!*

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN HAROLD G. ELSAM

☉ WHEN THE TITANIC was going down and people were rushing for the life-boats, word was passed down the line to the officers in the crisis, "Be British!" It was a great watchword, for it upheld the great traditions of seafaring people built up through centuries.

But on board was the man under whom I was converted, the Rev. Robert Bateman, and as they stood on the sinking ship awaiting death, having put the women and children in the life-boats, he struck up a hymn in his deep, triumphant voice. And as the ship went down they sang. What he said to the people with fearful hearts and blanched faces was, "Be Christian!"

That is the way the Christian meets disaster. But we must not only meet disaster with that watchword upon our lips—we must meet the whole task of reconstruction, individual and social, the whole task of making a new world with that watchword upon our lips and in our hearts: "Be Christian!"

—E. STANLEY JONES in *Is the Kingdom of God Realism?* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

I L L U S T R A T I O N S

Over on the eastern shore of Maryland they still tell of a very religious man whom everybody called Uncle Haney. But his religion, like the tide, rose and fell as things boded well or ill for him. Once a storm tide swept across the low-lying island on which he lived, submerging his truck patch, wrecking his oyster boats and crab houses, and drowning a couple of his neighbors. When Uncle Haney ventured out, he was heard to remark mournfully: "I declare the Lord does as much harm as good!" Yet this was the only devastation that had visited the island during the entire seventy years of Uncle Haney's residence there.

When in 1819 Chester Harding, the artist, entered the cabin of Daniel Boone down in Missouri to paint his portrait, he found the 85-year-old frontiersman broiling a venison steak over the open fire. One day during the sitting, Harding asked Boone if he had ever been lost during his long wilderness wanderings. "No, I never got lost," Boone replied reflectively, "But I was *bewildered* once for three days."

During the enormities of our times, men in uniform may become confused by doubts and misgivings, but time will deliver them from their temporary bewilderment.

At a banquet in the Russian capital recently, reports Beverly Shea, U. S. Chamber of Commerce President Eric Johnston and Author William L. White listened to their hosts sing Russian songs. Then the Russians politely re-

quested their guests to sing an American song. Johnston and White consulted for a few moments and responded with the only song they both remembered—"Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam"—learned in their childhood.

A husband was attempting to hang a picture for his wife. Although he was standing on a chair, he could not quite reach the desired spot. His wife, who was directing operations, placed a stool on the chair. Stepping upon the stool and balancing himself precariously, the husband gave the nail a few hesitating and uncertain taps with his hammer. "Why don't you give a brave blow or two and settle it?" asked his wife. "How can a man give a brave blow," replied the husband, "when he is standing on a foundation like this?"

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Rev. Peter McKenzie once asked a commercial traveler, into whose society he was thrown.

"No," was the answer, "I do it for nothing."

"Nothing!" cried the famous preacher. "You work cheap. You throw aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and all for nothing! You certainly work cheap, too cheap."

Nowadays there is danger of putting a false appraisal upon the value of human life. Frequently it is referred

as cheap. After all a person has but the chance at mortal existence.

When a nor'easter blew up on the Chesapeake Bay, a woman passenger had excitedly to the master of the *Perseica*, "Captain, don't you think it's risky?" He replied, "Lady, I think just as much of my life as you do of yours."

And when a soldier patient recently inquired about his condition, the doctor replied: "Very well; your legs are still a bit swollen, but that doesn't disturb me." "Sure, Doc," replied the patient, "if your legs were swollen it wouldn't disturb me either."

Then there is the phony story of the emancipation of Arab women in North Africa. For centuries the man rode the donkey, and his wife walked behind carrying the household goods. But after Rommel, "The Desert Fox," passed that way, 'tis said the status of a woman was changed: The man still rides the donkey, but now the wife walks in advance—there might be land mines!

To its possessor life is not cheap.

In Charles Rann Kennedy's play, *The Terrible Meek*, one of the Roman soldiers for whom Jesus has prayed for forgiveness looks up at the strange man on the cross and exclaims reverently, "The future is his!" The intervening nineteen centuries have served to confirm the soldier's prophecy. The creative forces of history have not been set in motion by the militarists, the nationalists, the state-mongers and the defenders of privilege, but by the servants of the cross of Jesus Christ.

"A Chinese friend of mine was speaking to a conference of students in America some seven years ago," says William Temple. All his audience there were three thousand of them

—were people who had just taken their degree or were on the point of taking it, so he opened up like this: "When I took my degree at the university, I was, like everybody else at that time of life, exceedingly foolish." Having so ingratiated himself, he went on: "And the day after I took it I made a journey from Shanghai, where my university was, into the interior of China which occupied sixteen days. A month or two back I repeated that journey in eighteen hours; but if I am a fool when I get into the aeroplane I shall still be a fool when I get out of it, and why do you call it progress to distribute my folly about the earth more rapidly?"

When Rear Admiral McGowan was Paymaster General of the U. S. Navy he had cards circulated among his army of helpers, the upper half saying in dull gray letters, "It Can't Be Done"; then on the lower half, in bold black type were the words, "But Here It is." He meant to keep his men from being discouraged before difficult tasks.

Chaplain William Nelson Lyons, USNR, relates the following incident: "It was D-Day, several hours after H-Hour when a group of us entered a native village. Futile attempts were made to carry on conversations with the chief. Finally it was the old chief who discovered the cross on my collar and immediately showed me a crucifix which was strung about his neck. Somehow it demonstrated to me that, in the complete absence of words, we had struck up a kinship through our common carrying of the Christian cross." And so the exigencies of this war bridge many chasms, and faith is recognized amid a confusion of tongues.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, says the *Evangelical-Messenger*, declared that the word has mixed its values. He gave an imaginative illustration—a hardware store entered by a joker at night who mixed up the price tags: "When we enter in the morning, we find lawn mowers are two for five cents, nails \$25 each, and a gallon of paint a penny, All the values are wrong. This is what has happened to our civilization and we shall not come to order and peace until our price tags tally with God's. It recalls Leslie Weatherhead's injunction in one of his books: "Take stock, not to see what you have in stock, but to see whether you have the price tags on correctly."

Gamaliel Bradford tells this incident concerning Robert E. Lee when he was president of Washington College: "A young sophomore was once summoned to the president's office and gently admonished that only patience and industry would prevent the failure that would inevitably come to him through college and through life. 'But, General, you failed,' remarked the sophomore with the inevitable ineptitude of sophomores. 'I hope that you may be more successful than I,' was the tranquil answer." The speaker was one whose daring on a Mexican battlefield General Winfield Scott described as "the greatest feat of moral and physical courage performed by any individual during the campaign." So again was the old truth demonstrated: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."

De Soto was about on his way "out." From Florida to Texas, and back to the Mississippi this tyrant with the gold fever had robbed Indian graves, run down the tribesmen with greyhounds and put them in iron

collars and chains. At last every tyrant meets his match. It was so when from his pallet beside the river that was soon to become his grave claiming that he was the "Child of the Sun," De Soto dispatched a summons to the chief of Quigaltam to send him carriers and provisions. The chief sent word back that if the Spaniard were the "Child of the Sun," he should dry up the river, and he would believe him and walk over. As far back as 1542 even savages did not take stock in a person who over-stated his power.

Recently the Department of the Interior received from the president of the United States Rocket Society Inc., Glen Ellyn, Ill., a request for advice on procedure for filing claim to land on the moon. The department's Land Office replied: "If acquisition of the lands is to be sought under the homestead law, application thereof must be accompanied with an affidavit declaring that the applicant has personally examined the land, and must be prepared to establish his permanent residence upon the land six months after his entry has been approved." Good legal advice no doubt, but why not finish the job of establishing the kingdom of God on earth first?

There was once an engineer who claimed that he spent a year putting a bridge over the Missouri River and the balance of his life keeping the bridge under the river. George Fitch wrote: "It is a perpetual dissatisfaction with its bed that is the greatest peculiarity of the Missouri. It is harder to suit in the matter of beds than a traveling salesman." Some people are that way about their religion. They are forever trying to divert it to the channel of least resistance.

B A C K F I R E

• A column of Reader Reaction

BROTHERHOOD

THE major lack in my life as an Episcopalian chaplain, beyond the normal blessings of home, is the benefits of Christian brotherhood. We chaplains have very little opportunity to get together. We work till tired out, take a little time off, find that there is as much pleasure in our work as in going to the races. We never get to hear others preach—to us. Even traveling representatives from the churches at home come along, apologize for being here and taking up our time, try to get a lot of information to take home to use in writing or in lecturing but give us very little. We do get a very little sense of brotherhood, but in the main we find—if we are willing to be amazingly realistic about it—that there is very little evidence of there being brotherhood. We then are startled to realize that brotherhood is a lay reality, not a clerical fact. Preachers, priests, and rabbis are almost incapable of the practice of brotherhood—they cannot get beyond its vocal precepts.

I am not saying this is a mark of the chaplain, for it was evidenced as much in civilian life before the war. In fact, I think it was more evident in civilian life than in the army. I know without the shadow of a doubt that what I say is so. It has been my experience and my observation. What has often been called brotherhood is but a papier-mâché imitation that rules out bearing others' burdens, and the restoration of those "overtaken in the fault," and says, "Be thou warmed and fed—depart!"

If you can see your way to it, I hope you will begin to lift up the

needs of brotherhood. I am so sure of what I say that I think I can predict, that unless the churches begin to teach, preach, dramatize, live and learn the basic realities of brotherhood on the simple, everyday, Good Samaritan basis of practice beyond preaching, when this mob of partly demented men who fight at war return, there are going to be thousands of churches closed, and a great wave of agnosticism sweep the world. It has swept England, and will shake it to its ecclesiastical foundations of a generation, for brotherhood is the code of pure undefiled religion, before God and man, and no amount of theology, liturgy, mass or sacrifice that does not put first the fellowship is going to have a chance.

—CHAPLAIN BENJAMIN T. WILLIAMS.

DOUBLE-TALK

THE second issue of THE CHAPLAIN has just arrived. Permit me to say that I have enjoyed both numbers immensely; and I'm sure you're correct when you state that it fills a need.

Dr. Cavert's article on "Our Protestant Heritage" was of particular interest. Surely if every Protestant chaplain would subscribe to those five principles, seriously, much could be gained in the way of Protestant unity, if not in organization, at least in thinking.

Let me say at the outset that I happen to belong to the Lutheran Church and to the Missouri Synod at that. When I came into the army, almost four years ago, my father, who is also a Lutheran minister, said to me, "Now, remember the Spirit of God works also through men of other denominations." That was a good hint; and I was totally prepared to find it so.

I was prepared in my own mind to notice the heritage of which Dr. Cavert speaks also in the clergy from other denominations. I must confess, however, that I have been disillusioned.

sioned in most of the contacts made with Protestant chaplains in my four years of army life, chiefly because they do not take Dr. Cavert's second point seriously: That the Scriptures provide the decisive norm of spiritual authority.

I have talked with other chaplains—many of them!—privately on theological questions and found them in agreement, very frequently with a slightly different terminology, only to discover the next time I sat in one of their services, they were talking out of the other side of the mouth.

To make clear what I mean, let us turn to page 41 of the second number of *THE CHAPLAIN*, to the sermon outline on I John 5:4b. I challenge any one to show me one single place in the Scriptures where faith means "faith in yourself," as point one has it; and surely any one who reads I John, even very cursorily, must admit that such a concept of "faith" was a thousand leagues removed from the apostle's thoughts. Is that taking the Scriptures seriously? That's using a text merely as a pretext.

Surely, there is not a single chaplain who is not interested in the matter of a closer rapprochement among the various churches on God's truth; but all too often we find ourselves betrayed by double-talk and weasel words. If you could get point 2 of Dr. Cavert's outline across to the Protestant chaplains in general, you will have won a tremendous victory.

—CHAPLAIN MARTIN H. SCHARLEMANN.

"IN A TIGHT PINCH"

YOUR new magazine, *THE CHAPLAIN*, is perhaps the greatest thing that has "happened" to the Chaplains' Corps. It is helpful, informative and inspiring. My first impression was, "Here's something I can resort to in a tight pinch." I was never more wrong. *THE CHAPLAIN* gives that very often needed boost, but cannot be used as a

"crutch." Thank you for this very helpful expression of your interest in those who serve as chaplains.

—CHAPLAIN W. C. RILEY

WHEN BROTHERS MEET

HAVE just received the first issue of *THE CHAPLAIN*. I feel that there is a definite need for such a periodical and I enjoyed several articles in the first issue. I hope that the editor will not hesitate to dig deep in the great reservoir of evangelical literature, as well as let us hear from current leaders, in order to give chaplains some real meat on which we can chew. Our libraries are back home, you know.

Here is a word of admonition which is purely personal opinion; but I can't refrain from saying what is on my heart. I believe that the best interests of the chaplaincy will not be served if *THE CHAPLAIN* is used as a Federal Council bulletin to "plug" for church union and to try to influence chaplains into a mold of conformity of externalities. Our differences of opinion lie deeper than externalities; and outward conformity can easily become hypocrisy and a definite sign of weakness. Propaganda for union sounds hollow and meaningless when you have experienced the real oneness in Christ to be found among many Protestant chaplains. When brothers meet, they do not waste time trying to persuade each other they are brothers, or to organize each other. Brotherhood is understood because the cockles of their hearts are warmed.

I am not in disagreement with Dr. Pugh, whose dream is a united Protestant Church. But from his statement, "There has been a noticeable lack of any organized attempt by the churches behind those who compose almost 70 per cent of the total number of chaplains," the question arises: To whom do we need to convey the idea of a united Church? (1) To the chaplains? We realize the need and the

of co-operation, but we know that there is no united "Protestant Church." (2) To the government? There is far greater need for Christian statesmen than for a super-church which can put pressure on the government. (3) To the army and navy? We realize that from lack of political pressure we are not getting the "share" of field grade positions, but we feel that Protestant chaplains are much better situated in preaching the gospel to the troops than serving in administrative positions. (4) To the churches? Have the churches anything to gain spiritually by losing their "sovereignty" to a united Protestant Church? What "control" can be exercised over the leadership of such an organization which is so far from the people? (5) To the Catholic Church?—to those who have "bumped their heads" against the rigid, uncompromising intolerance of Catholic policy, the idea of presenting a united appearance in order to compete with Catholic politics or court the favor of the tolerance of the Catholic Church seems like joining a church for business reasons. In the face of their exclusive doctrine of The Church, our use of the same term seems like whistling in the dark. Who are we "kidding" by our continued use of the term, "The Church"? Much more practical it would be if we used the term we are actually using by our usage—*The Kingdom of God*. The Kingdom is wider, deeper, higher and greater than all our individual prejudices concerning how it could be organized. In the Kingdom we can include our Catholic brethren, who can't include us in their "church," because their church will not let them. I say "brethren" purposely, because I have been associated with several Catholic chaplains I am glad to call brothers. We pray "Thy Kingdom come," and then work for a world Church with a president. Let us be practical. A United Church will

come only by bringing in the Kingdom of God. And the cause of the Kingdom will be furthered by furnishing to chaplains far from home some real spiritual meat. Let us be done with talking around the edges of religion. Here is an opportunity for Federal Council leaders to prove to chaplains that they are spiritual leaders worthy to be followed. There is no other quality which qualifies.

—CHAPLAIN JAMES W. DIXON.

"LAY THAT PRATTLE DOWN"

I have read with surprise and disgust the article by Chaplain William A. Spurrier in the first issue of *THE CHAPLAIN*. The burden of the article may be summed up in one sentence: "It is all right to sin, so long as you can avoid the consequences." Surely this is the essence of paganism.

Granted that the highest morality does not come from fear of punishment so much as from the love of God, nevertheless the fear of spiritual punishment does have a rightful place in the moral code. Extra-marital sex relations are wrong, not because they may cause physical, emotional or social difficulties, but because God has said, "Thou shalt not." Therefore, the proper function of a minister of Christ is to mediate to men the law of God. This he may speak boldly and without apology, saying, "Thus saith the Lord."

If, as Chaplain Spurrier says, the denunciation of sinful practices is an invitation to indulge in these same practices, see what a mistake God has made.

I have talked frankly and positively with great numbers of men, not only in garrisons but under the most perilous conditions of combat. These men have proved beyond doubt that they fear only God. Let us indeed "lay that prattle down." Let us approach the problems as Christians.

—CHAPLAIN FRANK M. ARNOLD, JR.

PERSONALS

CHAPLAIN O. K. OLANDER, tells this story to illustrate the courage of the men he served with while on duty aboard the *USS Princeton*: While the ship was undergoing a violent torpedo and strafing attack in the South Pacific, the chaplain was helping to care for the wounded. He took a sailor, who had been badly hit, to the emergency treatment room to give him first aid. Soon the boy slowly opened his eyes, looked up at the chaplain and began to laugh. The chaplain was astonished and puzzled that a man so seriously wounded should be amused at anything.

"Why are you laughing?" Olander asked. The sailor continued to chuckle. "It's funny," he said, "you start the services every Sunday morning with 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' Boy, that's really me all over!"

CHAPLAIN (MAJOR) EDWARD T. DONAHUE has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for "meritorious service in combat from January 30, 1943, to May 9, 1943, in Tunisia." The citation was given by Major General V. E. Prichard, U. S. Army.

CHAPLAIN T. S. SEVERTSON U. S. Naval Training Center at Great Lakes, Ill., is one of the writers of an anthem, "O Lord, To Thee We Pray," based on the traditional Hebrew chant, "Adon Olom." In a letter to Rabbi Isaac Toubin of the National Jewish Welfare Board in New York City, Chaplain Severtson explained that he first heard the melody "Adon Olom" when he assisted a Jewish chaplain in arranging a service on the island of Trinidad. "The beauty of it so impressed itself upon my mind," he said, "that I was unable to let it go until I had done something to try to make it available to some of our churches. I feel that we have received such a rich heritage in our religious life from the Jews, that we are the losers if we fail to take advantage of it."

"The church, magnified by the chaplains in the hearts of warring soldiers, will have a flourishing place in these men's lives on

their return home," CHAPLAIN CHARLES J. ASHCRAFT has written friends at home from his station in the Southwest Pacific. The religious experience of the soldiers in fox holes will endure to guide the men through life, Ashcraft says, discounting the theosophy about GI religion being a "fear" religion. "Out where men in a few moments age years into maturity, mentally and physically, the corresponding maturity of their religious experience cannot be logically questioned. Often one thinks more seriously in a more concentrated form even in a short period of time than many do over a course of many years. A soldier lying out behind enemy lines wounded for twenty-four hours has plenty of time for serious contemplation about religion. Those with such experiences do not easily depart from their decision."

A battered helmet became a baptismal font for a marine rifleman who fought to take one of the strongest positions on Saipan in the Marianas. The helmet had saved his life in battle. An altar was set up on a jeep at the foot of the ridge where ninety men died before the ridge was taken.

Several hundred tired and dirty marines in worn dungarees heard CHAPLAIN GEORGE C. STRUM tell them that their cause was good and just. Together they sang, "Onward Christian Soldiers" and the song echoed up and down the ravines of Mount Tapotch. Then the marine came forward. The camouflage cover and fiber lining were removed and he was baptized from the helmet which had saved his life.

In the February 7th issue of *The Christian Evangelist*, CHAPLAIN MARION C. TURPIN authored an interesting article entitled "Onward Christian Soldiers," a story relating how men of all faiths were fused into "one body" by this hymn, sung on a battlefield somewhere in Belgium.

From CHAPLAIN ERNEST LEE CARTER comes the following letter: "Service men are neglecting their religious interest even in the jungle land of New Guinea. For a period of four months the attendance at divine service and the men's Bible class has shown a continued increase. During the seven sessions which we studied the Sermon on the Mount the average attendance was 1,519 although it rained during three of the sessions. Rece-

the average attendance has increased to 24 and the highest attendance at a single session was 2,284. On different occasions I have conducted the Holy Communion in the ship, and it has been my privilege to baptize as high as twenty-five men at one service."



Back in the '30's a marine private aboard battleship in the Pacific dreamed of becoming a navy chaplain. In August, 1935, HAROLD CRAVEN received a special order to change from the marine corps to study for the ministry. After seven years' training he was graduated with the degree Master of Divinity from Central Baptist Seminary, Kansas City, Mo. In October, 1942, he reported for duty at the Chaplain School for training as a navy chaplain. Today the former marine private is a lieutenant in the Navy Chaplain Corps and has won the Bronze Star Medal for his courage.



RABBI PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN, executive director of the committee on Army and Navy Religious Activities of the National Jewish Welfare Board, has returned from a visitation of men of the Jewish faith in the Pacific. His observations during his 35,000-mile journey led him to remark: "The men are very weary with their difficult and dangerous tasks. My concern is not with the antecedents of the runner but with his character, his ability."



Chaplains' Conference of the Third Naval District, under the direction of DISTRICT CHAPLAIN M. M. WITHERSPOON and CHAPLAIN JOSHUA L. GOLDBERG, was held in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 12. Addresses were delivered by CHAPLAINS DOUGLAS F. ANON, ROBERT S. WALDROP, EDWARD B. RYAN, JR., MERRIMON CUNINGGIM, ROBERT C. MATTERS and CLINTON A. WUNDER. Civilian speakers included Bishop John F. O'Hara, John Sutherland Bonnell, Bishop Edwin Lee, Christopher La Farge and George E. Golsky.



"The Chaplain in Industry," by CHAPLAIN C. FRASER of the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, is having a wide reading. It was first printed in *The Army and Navy Chap-*



ISHOP EDWIN F. LEE, director of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chap-

lains, has announced that a visitation of Protestant chaplains in continental America by leading clergymen is under way. For convenience, boundaries of the army service commands will be used for assignment of visitors, but all army posts, naval stations and air force installations within those lines will be visited. The initial visitation was begun in the Third Service Command.



It always pays to see the top man. CHAPLAIN DONALD E. CAVENDER found it true when on Saipan he set out to locate the brother of a wounded man who was approaching death. For security reasons officers would not tell him the location of the brother's unit. When he finally located it, the case seemed hopeless because it had just taken ship for the Tinian mission. Then Chaplain Cavender went to the divisional commander, presented his story, and got action. A messenger was dispatched to bring the man ashore, and soon he was in the presence of his dying brother. Later, accompanied by the chaplain, he went to the north of the island and secured the dead soldier's belongings. The subordinates had the chaplain stymied, and for good reasons, but the C. O. opened the way!



The First Presbyterian Church, Greensburg, Pa., Dr. Harold F. Post, minister, has 134 stars on its service flag. Five of these stars represent chaplains now on active duty. It is believed that this is a record for chaplains supplied by any one congregation.



CHAPLAIN GEORGE H. BERKHEIMER finds that meeting the requisitions of chaplains in the Southwest Pacific Area is no picnic. That his headquarters does a rushing business may be seen from the fact that his catalog of supplies for chaplains lists over 300 items. The requirements for worship of chaplains representing three faiths are varied. The territory to be supplied extends from Sydney, Australia, in the southwest to the Solomons and north and west to Luzon. Always there are the distant hauls from America and Australia with breakage and tropical weather taking their toll. And rapscallions with arid throats have been known to pilfer the sacramental wines. Chaplain Berkheimer's goal still holds: "To get all necessary supplies to every chaplain in the SWPA in as good condition as possible in the most expeditious manner."

BOOK NOTES

Preaching in a Revolutionary Age. By G. Bromley Oxnam. Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$2.

PACKING a spiritual and intellectual wallop capable of jarring out of his slumbers any complacent disciple of religious *laissez faire*, here's a book that should be in the library or musette bag of every chaplain. If a man has even an ounce of social consciousness in his makeup, he will give three rousing cheers for this spirited summons to be up and energetically about the Master's business. But even if he hates like sin anything remotely resembling "the social gospel," he nevertheless will be profited no end by Bishop Oxnam's stirring conclusions.

Not for nothing have most ministers here and abroad come to regard the annual Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching as the most trenchant examples of current religious thought. The chapters of this book, comprise in substance the 1944 lectures.

That we are living and laboring in a violently revolutionary era, the author has no doubt. But he is equally sure that the business of Christian leaders is not merely to comfort the storm's victims but to so manage its vortex that its ill winds may be made to blow the Kingdom good.

"The preacher would do well," Bishop Oxnam says, "to note that the major revolutions of our day have been accompanied by a repudiation either of Christianity itself or of Christianity in its organized form, the church. It is not the salvation promised by other religions that constitutes the challenge to Christianity's place in the minds of men. It is rather the promise of equality and fraternity proclaimed by communism and other social and economic philosophies."

How spiritual leaders may and must meet this challenge if Christianity is to continue as something more than a minor decoration on the face of our times—that is the theme of this book.

In this volume, the new president of the Federal Council has many a meaty chapter. But we have an idea that one of your favorites will be "The Pastor in a Revolutionary Age." That could not be more "right down your street" of the chaplain.

What a Man Can Believe. By James I. Smart. Westminster Press. \$2.

PRIMARILY written for laymen, this book might profitably be read by the clergy as well, just as an exercise in transparent thinking. Written in clear and untechnical language, it sets out to explain Christian doctrine in such a way as to keep a man awake both physically and spiritually. The notion that doctrinal dissertations must necessarily be ranked with sleeping pills as an inducement of slumber is blasted by Dr. Smart in these words:

"Of course a man goes to sleep if doctrine are discussed in language that is completely beyond his range, just as a sportsman who is interested in dogs would go to sleep if a biologist tried to talk to him about dogs in scientific terminology. But that does not mean that interest in the subject is lacking. Let the questions of Christian doctrine be stated in plain language, and the layman recognizes at once that they are *his* questions—the problems of life and faith with which he has to grapple day after day. The words 'creed' and 'theology' have been badly knocked about of late, until in our day they are almost ashamed to show their heads in public place."

As minister at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Peterborough, Ontario, Dr. Smart says he started *What a Man Can Believe* in order to clarify his own faith.

Pungent Pamphlet

Many chaplains have been lamenting lately that so few Protestant service men are intelligently aware of the Protestant position, which puts them at a disadvantage when compared with well-indoctrinated members of other faiths. Such chaplains will be interested in distributing to the allegedly "illiterate" a little pamphlet recently produced by the Department of Evangelism, Federal Council of Churches, entitled *What Protestants Believe*. It is skillfully and succinctly written by Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr. (A reprint of this pamphlet will appear shortly in *The Link*.)

We understand that a complimentary copy has been sent to every Protestant chaplain. But we wish to point out that it may be purchased in quantity by chaplains at a less-than-cost rate of \$1.50 per hundred. Orders may be sent direct to the Federal Council, 297 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Our First Anniversary

HEAR GOD,

A year ago today
We knelt at a white altar
Together in prayer.
We knelt there,
Husband and wife,
Beginning one life
For thee.
Hand in hand,
In faith, in love,
We promised,
"Forever."

HEAR GOD,

Today we kneel again;
He kneels behind barbed wire,
I kneel in this chapel.
We thank thee, God,
For an altar
Which time and miles
Can never separate,
Where we find thee,
Together, in prayer.
We see thy face,
Brighter.
With our hands in thy hand,
With deeper faith,
With stronger love,
We promise,
"Forever . . .
Forever."

Mrs. Gunnar J. Teilmann, Jr.
(Chaplain's wife)





“With You, Always”

AS DAWN sent out the light of Easter
Day,

The women reached the door
Of Joseph's sepulchre where Jesus lay;
The stone was there no more.

They entered in and finding not their Lord,
They felt a heavy loss,
Their hearts were pierced by pain as by a
sword,

For Jesus on the cross
Had died; but while they mourned an
angel said,

“The Victor Christ is he,
The Lord of Life, now risen from the dead,
From death your souls shall free.”

The women hastened forth to tell the tale,
Their joy still tinged with fear,
And soon they heard the wondrous words,
“All hail,”

And saw him standing near.

So Jesus comes to us on Easter Day,
Our troubled hearts to mend,
Through faith in him we find God's truth
and way,
And life that knows no end.

CHAPLAIN FRANCIS T. COOKE